"DESPISE NOT YOUR ENEMY." See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 481 | SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 374101

For meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

August 21st, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home, or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death;—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

August 21st, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature*.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 21st, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 481. Week ending Saturday, August 21st, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,200,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for August 14th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 002,910 and 40,555.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Watch Russia.

That's all.

Our Campaign.

Just back from Margate, Blackpool, Rhyl and Llandrindod Wells—and *what* meetings!—and now off to Brighton (on Sunday), Eastbourne, Bexhill and Buxton. That will do for the moment.

"Name!"

What is the name, and the nationality, of the London firm which has just received an order from the Government to sell several cargoes of Kurrachee wheat? And are there no British firms, connected by long experience with the Indian trade, who could have done the business?

From the Front.

Writing from the front, an officer says: "For Heaven's sake lock up Ramsay Macdonald; it is irritating to read his sentiments when there are on all sides graves of those who have *done*—not talked—for their country." If we had *our* way, there would be one more grave over here.

A Scratch Crew!

Amongst the thirty-two M.P.s who voted against the Registration Bill—which is to let us know just what material we have available in case of necessity—were Chancellor—Haggerston; Clough—Skipton; Ginnell—Westmeath; Hogge—Edinburgh; King—Somerset; Ramsay Macdonald—Leicester; Outhwaite—Hanley; and Ponsonby—Stirling. *What* a crew!

Our War Diary.

Have you ordered yours? If not, be early at the bookstall on Saturday, the 21st—or it will be "O.P."

The Bride Murderer.

Are you quite sure that Smith did not "confess"? Ask the warders.

Those Zepps.

Although it is apparently impossible, at present, to bring them down, we invariably know when they are coming. Everybody in Margate, for instance, on Thursday night knew that more of them were on the way.

War Babies.

Where are they? Have they all miscarried?

"JOHN BULL'S Boy."

We are happy to learn that, as the result of prolonged negotiations with certain American managers, Young Ahearn—the coming white champion boxer of the world—is to be liberated in order to join the colours. Carpentier must look out. What a treat for the Trenches a little bout between him and our boy would be!

Getting On.

We recently quoted a very generous appreciation of our work from the columns of the *Sunday Pictorial*. And now here is the *Daily Express* telling its readers that "when the history of the war comes to be written, a special chapter will be devoted to the doings of the War Orator—the man who hypnotised and galvanised England into super-patriotism. The War Orator is Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who has been addressing remarkable meetings all over the country. Thousands everywhere flock to hear his wholesome patriotic tonic—he believes that Britain properly organised can never be beaten—and the people, when they have heard him, believe in him. During the last six months he has pumped his own supreme optimism into more than a million hearers. They are so keen to hear him that they lie in wait for him at the railway station when he arrives. What is the secret of the War Orator's fascination—this man who stands square like a bulldog and never hesitates to say what he thinks?" We are, indeed, getting on!

No Stopping Us.

The same old story—all our previous circulation records broken. It is a pity we did not arrange with the Government to have a special column in the National Registration Forms for the names of persons willing to make new machinery for printing JOHN BULL.

We have now paid 152 Air Raid Claims.

Work and "Pay."

A London lady was told by her schoolboy son that he and some other boys, being under military age, would like to spend their summer holiday in doing munition work. She, encouraging the lads in a good notion, looked about for an opening, thinking she might find some factory where the boys would be "kept" in return for their labour, no question of pay being raised. In a morning newspaper she came upon an advertisement: "Munition work. Public School Boys. Those ineligible for military service can be received for Munition Work during Vacation at Seafield Park Engineering College, on the Solent, near Fareham, Hants." This looked like the exact thing, and the lady wrote to the College offering her son and his chums as workers. To her intense surprise she has received in reply a kind of lithographed letter stating:—"The ordinary vacation charges of this College are 5½ guineas per week, but to munition workers a reduction to 3½ guineas will be made." There is a special post-script, written this time by the master, Mr. "W. Arthur Rix, M.A. (Cantab.)."—"We shall be very pleased to see your son and any of his friends." The pleasure of Mr. Rix will not, on this occasion, be realised, for the mother was seeking on behalf of the boy a workshop where his handicraft would be utilised for the country's good. She was not looking for an expensive boarding-house.

Enlistment and Eviction.

It is a regrettable fact that there are employers who object to their men joining the Colours, because it puts them to some slight inconvenience and they have to fill the vacancy with a new man, who probably wants better pay. If some "servant," after working for years at a starvation wage, has the sense and the courage and the patriotism to enlist, the employer, being mean-minded, gets all the revenge he can by making things awkward for the recruit. A carter, after long and faithful service to Mr. Justian, a farmer of Doddington, Oxford, entered that of his King and country. Being in Bovington Camp, Dorset, he was served with a writ for possession of his cottage in Oxfordshire, where his wife was keeping the little home together. There appears to have been no rent owing—the farmer wanted his cottage; that was all. And the patriotic private was obliged to obtain special leave, hurry from Dorset to Oxon. at a bigger price than his purse could afford, and undertake the expense and trouble of moving his wife and his household goods. The farmer wanted his full "rights," and got them,. at the expense of a brave man who obeyed his conscience. It is a pity the law cannot protect the home of a man who enlists from an angry "master" bent on eviction.

C-o-a-l—Want C-o-a-l!

We fear it will, after all, turn out that Mr. Runciman's shilly-shally in dealing with King Coal will let down the London consumer very badly. It looks as if his eleventh-hour concessions, revising old contracts to the pit-head level fixed by the Bill, will be laughed at in practice by the colliery owners. The *Coal Merchant and Shipper* has already begun to wink the other eye. "There may be a shortage this winter," says this organ of the jewellery trade, "and it stands to reason that excess supplies will first of all go to contractors who are not anxious to extract the full pound of flesh from the put." In other words, merchants who demand the application of the Act to their dealings with King Coal are going to be left short and kept short; even now he is smiling while he is preparing to pick our pockets, and we stand to be just as outrageously plundered this winter as last. When Parliament meets the question should be raised again.

The Sunday Paper.

The Sunday newspaper exacerbates the sensitive soul of the Rev. T. E. Fox, Vicar of Shebbear, and he slings his ink in holy horror in the pages of the *Deanery Magazine*: "In a rural parish like ours, imagine my disgust at a man with a bag coming to the Vicarage to sell Sunday papers"—in a parish, too, where, as he points out, the ordinary daily "is delivered early on Monday morning." The good Vicar attaches no weight to the fact that the Sunday paper is printed on Saturday, while the Monday one is ungodly enough to go to press on Sunday. He forgets that the Monday paper is all but useless to the labouring folk of a rural parish, who are at work in the fields long before he sits placidly perusing the print at his breakfast-table. The man with the bag who so offends the cleric's vision is very often the agriculturist's only library; besides the Sunday news, he carries John Bull and, may be, the *Church Times*. Would the Vicar deprive his parishioners of their only opportunity for reading, learning and diversion? He must remember that their week-days are spent in toil—hard toil—from before daybreak till after sundown, and the daily paper, in which he luxuriates, is to them a closed book. The same Vicar says the buyers of Sunday papers "never come to pray for their soldiers" at church. Perhaps they find their parson unsympathetic, and prefer to pray, kneeling by the lowly cot, in the sacredness of the home.

Bumbledom at Barnet.

As an example of bumbledom *in excelsis*, commend us to the Barnet Board of Guardians. As our readers well know, we should be the last to criticise and the first to commend any well-conceived effort in the direction of public economy. An extract from the account of the last meeting of the Guardians is, however, in another category altogether. "Mr. Horgan moved and Mr. Piper seconded," it reads, "that the ration of bread and cheese for lunch be reduced by half during the period of the War. The motion was declared carried, Rev. R. A. Meaden voting against it." The only justification for this astonishing resolution would be that the inmates had been having twice as much for luncheon as they could eat, in which case the Guardians are self-condemned of gross extravagance and are evidently utilising the expediency of war economy as a cloak to hide their own pernicious waste; but there can be no justification at all for it on the theory that the inmates' luncheon of bread and cheese has been just enough and no more. It is one of the meanest, most contemptible resolutions we have ever known passed by a Board of Guardians, and it is all to the credit of the Rev. Mr. Meaden that he had the courage to mark his sense of its meanness and of his contempt. There is abundant room for economy on any Board of Guardians, but the very last place to begin is at a paupers' bit of bread and cheese.

Extravagant Economists.

The Parliamentary War Savings Committee are either a lot of sly humorists or a party of the dullest dogs who have ever been entrusted with a public task. They have been circularising employers of labour, asking them to encourage their men to invest in the War Loan; so far, so good. But it is the manner of their doing it to which we take exception. To enclose a four-page foolscap printed letter and a circular describing the purpose and advantages of the Loan, and urging the working classes to save—*save*—SAVE; to eat less meat, and to eschew tobacco, etc., etc., the Committee use a Manila envelope measuring 12 ins. by 9 ins., across which is printed in huge letters "On His Majesty's Service," and to which is affixed *a penny postage stamp!* 'Nuff sed.

Send a "John Bull" Pen to your friend at the front.

"The Quality of Mercy."

The Great Unpaid who sit upon the Feltham Bench appear to be deficient in the milk of human kindness. They had before them the other day a cripple, charged with drunkenness, of which hideous crime he was convicted, and punished by a fine of 20s. or 14 days. Immediately the sentence was pronounced, a young bluejacket stepped forward and pleaded in a manly fashion with the Bench to be more lenient. He told a simple, but moving tale, that might have touched the heart even of Mr. Justice Ridley. He explained that the defendant was only a poor flower-seller, who had adopted him when he was a child, and had been a very good father to him ever since. He (the sailor) had just come home from the Dardanelles, and the defendant, overjoyed, had got a bit excited and perhaps overstepped the mark. But the Feltham Bench apparently pride themselves upon their inaccessibility to such appeals. The Chairman, whilst commending the young sailor's action in coming forward, rejected his plea on the ground that the decision could not be altered. It is news to us that the decisions of the Feltham Bench, or any other Bench for that matter, partake of the character of the laws of the Medes and Persians. Their action is not likely to strengthen the patriotism of the young sailor when he realises that he has faced wounds and death on behalf of a Bench of Shallows who in return have punished a venial offence of his benefactor with savage severity.

Portsmouth Dockers.

The dockyard workers of Portsmouth are a loyal body of men, who have consistently stuck to solid hard work since the war commenced. Mainly concerned with their affairs, a meeting of the Portsmouth Trades and Labour Council was held at the offices, and the opportunity was taken to introduce "Councillor Wake (of London)," who gave an address "explanatory of the principles of the Union of Democratic Control," and a vote of thanks to him was carried on the motion of Mr. Ambler, seconded by Mr. Hidden. We are told the "offices" would not hold more than sixty persons, so it must have been a hole-and-corner meeting, with the arrangements "readied" to accomomodate the Wake person "from London." Dockyard workers must see to it that the meeting is not put forward as having been a representative one; we expect no vote of thanks would have been passed had they known the nature and sentiments of the address that was delivered in their name.

Notes for Gold.

Though the Government professes to be very anxious that the public should use notes and that the banks should keep the gold, they do not seem to be hustling themselves about it. On the face of things, one would say there was more gold in circulation than notes; some banks never offer a note; some tradesmen hardly ever receive or pay one. Acting on the supposition that he was assisting the State to organise the resources of the nation, a reader went into an Isle of Wight post-office a morning or two ago and asked for notes in exchange for gold. "I have only one one-pound note," replied the Postmaster, "and if I exchange it for you I shall have to pay the gold to someone else." If the Government want gold for paper, surely it is worth an organised effort to get it?

Grabowski's Warning.

A Berlin savant, answering to the picturesque name of Grabowski, warns the Germhuns—in the *Neue Deutschland*—to "look facts in the face and not be deceived by false hopes." Grabowski is right; nothing can be more fatal to men and nations than to look facts in the back of the neck.

Red Tape and a Colonial.

With seventeen years' service in the Department of Agriculture, in Tasmania, to his credit, a Briton from Oversea decided to place himself at the disposal of the Old Country. Rejected by the military because of a foot defect, he obtained six months' leave, came over here, and offered himself where his knowledge and experience would be most useful—at the Board of Agriculture. He knew he could do one thing, and do it well—he could grow more food for the nation. Five weeks ago he was ready to start; up to now he has not started. He went to the Board, armed with the highest credentials—and the officials have received him most politely. Each one has been very nice, but each one, personally, could do nothing. Some thought something ought to be done, might be done, or could be done, but, just now, you see, it was not being done. He was introduced to organisations subsidised by the Board, but there was nothing doing there. Then one great man permitted him a long chat, and asked for his suggestions in writing. He supplied them—and is waiting patiently for even an acknowledgment. You have the picture of a patriot travelling 13,000 miles to offer freely his expert knowledge, a man who can produce many blades of grass where but one grew before, and he is left to kick his heels in fretful idleness. Good men are scarce, and the Board of Agriculture errs when it wastes this one.

Asking for Trouble.

The Rev. James V. Wilson, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wolverhampton, is a Jeremiah holding forth in the wilderness of his "Parish Magazine." To his mind—he calls it a mind—"things seem terribly dark," but they are going to be worse before they are better, according to him. And he is really not in a hurry for them to improve; things are not yet as terrible as they ought to be. "If victory and peace were to come now the Godlessness of England would be worse than ever before. We have not yet learned our lesson; we have not suffered as a nation nearly enough." Some people are never satisfied, and this Rev. James seems to be a perfect hog for suffering—by others. When he wrote that poisonous gas of his he was holiday making "on one of the highest points of the Cotswold hills, and the view was quite wonderful"—but it was not half as wonderful as his unnatural views just quoted. He has taken a month off, and writes, "I hardly think that lay people realise enough the need that their clergy have of a mental rest." Perhaps he will think harder if we assure him we fully realise his need of a long, long mental rest—and the longer the better.

The Technical "Deserter."

We hope Harry Hooper, of the Royal Sussex, is at the front by now, and not in the guard room; if not, it is not the fault of Harry. Being in the Southdown Battalion of his regiment, stationed at Bexhill, he yearned for the plains of Flanders instead of the sands of the South Coast, so he slipped over to Horsham and re-enlisted in the battalion there, because he heard it was on the point of departure for the front and the fight. Unfortunately, he betrayed himself by his soldierly smartness in comparison with the other recruits, and he was obliged to admit that he was a "deserter." So they took him to the police court, where the worthy Chairman said he had committed a technical offence which was very creditable. He was, however, compelled to hand Harry over to a military escort, but the commanding officer would be written to and told that this "deserter" was a fine fellow, whose only failing was an intense longing to get at the Germans. We have an idea that Harry's wish will be gratified, and his trip to France expedited. And may good hap be his!

Educational Economy.

There are whales on economy in the North Riding Education Authority. But they seem to cut down expenses at the wrong end. Once in three years the schools have been renovated by painting, distempering and colour-washing, and nobody will say that this was too often. Cleanliness in school is of the first importance, from the point of the children's health and also as an object-lesson. The North Riding, however, is saving money this year by letting the schools go dirty, and we only hope that disease will not hurry up to seize the opening. Perhaps the parents will grab the pail and brush and wash that paint, if the authorities neglect their paramount duty. However, the committee do not mind throwing away a few pounds in another—and an unnecessary—direction. The "organising mistresses"—teachers who journey from school to school to worry other teachers doing the work to which they were appointed—are to have their salaries raised; one lady is to have £200, with yearly rises up to £300, together with £100 a year for travelling expenses; the other is to get £150, rising to £200, with out-of-pocket travelling expenses. If these ladies must take joy-rides and poke their noses into schools where they are not wanted, perhaps out-of-pocket travelling expenses should be paid. But we cannot conceive why the other lady, getting a nice fat salary, is also to receive £2 a week for travelling—all the year round, holidays included.

How the Money Goes.

How is it that Admiralty steamers chartered for transport (coal) purposes are kept so long unloaded—many of them for three and four months on end? Consider specific instances. Very recently a certain vessel arrived for re-loading at Penarth with from three hundred to five hundred tons of coal aboard. She had left her dock loaded four months previously, went to Dover to discharge a few hundred tons, and was then sent to Dunkirk to await orders. She lay there, apparently forgotten, for three and a half months, and was then discovered and ordered to Penarth—where, owing to her long stay at Dunkirk, she had to go on pontoon for painting. The charter-party is 12s. per ton per month on dead weight of ship, the Admiralty providing bunkers and paying for cleaning and repairs. Let somebody with an arithmetical mind calculate the cost of that trip.

Other Cases.

Another steamer returned to Penarth with 1,000 tons aboard after laying three months in Portland Bay; that ship was about 4,000 tons register. Another vessel was four months up north undischarged. A large number of similar cases could be cited. There may be explanations, but they are certainly not obvious at the moment. On the contrary, it would appear that huge sums are being chucked away in dead freight while the vessels are lying idle. A private concern using ships in such a way would be ruined.

"On His Majesty's Service."

A few days ago, an official envelope bearing this printed inscription arrived at the home of one of our readers, a Special Constable, warning him for duty. Although it was thus marked and had the flap turned in, a penny was surcharged by one of the peculiar people they keep on the premises at the Post Office as an ornament of the service, and the postman collected the penny from our reader's missus without a blush. Why a Special Constable should have to pay surcharge for an imperative summons on His Majesty's Service to go and stand four hours in the wet, offers a large field for official explanation.

The Bishop's Argument.

The Bishop of Sebastopolis, preaching in Salford Cathedral at a solemn requiem Mass for the repose of the soldiers and sailors of the diocese killed during the war, declared that, if we said Germany was the guilty party, it "would show a strange, unchristian spirit." The real reason is that we do not go to church, and are "as pagan as the inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands." France is as bad; Germany is a nation of agnostics. Therefore all are scourged with "pestilence, famine, inundations, fire, earthquakes, and, above all, war." And yet—God is Love! "So far the enemy had not landed on our shores," but that may happen if we do not go to church. The arguments of the Bishop are strange, and we desire to treat them with respect, but we cannot see, if all nations are equally bad and deserving of scourge, why Germany—atheistic, and as bad as the others—should be permitted to throw down God's altars and destroy His churches. And, in all reverence, we suggest to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Sebastopolis that it is straining argument to say that a merciful God would punish Great Britain by allowing German soldiers to violate nuns and vestal virgins in Belgium.

All for Fourpence.

An old man of sixty was foolish enough, and wicked enough, to steal a whole fourpennyworth of cement from his employers. As they were a public body, being the Port of London Authority, they felt bound to prosecute, for public bodies are bodies without a heart. They have, instead, soulless things called boards, or managements, or rules—some automatic thing that demands the utmost rigour of the law. So the old sinner of sixty, having only thirty-six years' service with the Port of London Authority to his credit, was taken to the Thames Police Court and duly charged with his heinous crime. The magistrate, thank goodness, was merciful, and he merely bound over the old man. But the reason for his mercy was a terrible one; the erring messenger of sixty years—thirty-six of them spent with one employer, so his character could not have been very black—also lost his employment and forfeited a pension of 16s. a week. All gone for fourpennyworth of cement—a cruel punishment, a rigorous application of the law, but scarcely justice. The Port of London Authority actually makes a big profit because an old servant misfingers a lump of cement.

Once a German.

The propensity for annexing other people's portable property displayed by the German Crown Prince is no new development of the national character. History records that when Blucher visited England after the battle of Waterloo, he drove through London with the Duke of Wellington. He was not at all impressed by the historic monuments, but when going through the West End and noting the wealth displayed in the shop windows, his national instincts were aroused and, eyes gleaming with greed, he turned to his companion and said, "*Mein Gott*—what a place to plunder!"

"Unclaimed Balances."

Enclosing us a paragraph from a Liverpool paper commencing, "Before the State lays fresh burdens upon us an effort will be made to induce the authorities to take possession of a considerable sum which at present belongs to no one, and there will be a revival of the agitation in favour of the sequestration of unclaimed bank balances," one of our readers says he is amused to note how many of the reforms we advocate and ideas we suggest are quietly appropriated at last by others. Quite right. They fold up our tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

"Everywoman's Weekly" is to every woman's taste.

The Simple Life.

The wanderer, choosing to live as a nomad in picturesque but unlawful vagabondage, is a favourite figure of romance, both in real life and in books. In real life he may be a George Borrow or a Thoreau; in books he is a Gil Blas or the "Splendid Vagabond." George Ferguson Munro has tried to imitate these heroes of fact and of fiction, but he made his attempt in an uncongenial atmosphere—Scotland—where the wandering tramp is looked on with suspicion because he is in rags, and with disdain because he is without a bawbee. Munro wandered about at all hours of the day and night at his own sweet will; he was happy and content with the world when he had sufficient food and drink, and a good book, but he did not want work—he ruled work out of his scheme of life. His virtues were that he did not get intoxicated, interfered with nobody, had committed no crime, but had written articles for a Scottish newspaper. The glorious spring of the year had been his in the open and the sunshine, his roof the sky—except when it rained, and then he put up with a barn. Yet for leading the Simple Life in this way he was pulled up by the rough hand of the law and sentenced by unsympathetic, unromantic magistrates of Ayr to three months' hard labour. It sadly spoils the story of this wayward wayside wayfarer.

"Write to 'J.B.' About It."

Judging by the weight and bulk of our letter-bags, about half the population are already doing so. From what we can gather, there is not a man, woman, or child in these islands who has not a grievance of some sort. Here is a sample from an Army driver, billeted at Peckham. "I write to you as a soldier and a man," says he. "I went to [here is the name of the place of sorrow] to have a feed of Eels and I was ashamed of the way they served me. I asked for 5 of Eels and a penny of mashed, and when I found out there was three pieces of Eels I grumbled And she said I will fetch a Policeman and turn you out so I put them in a match-box in front of her don't you think a poor man shall stop having a smack at her place I cannot write plain to you, so I have had this dictated to me which sign my name. I have the Eels in the match-box at home." It is a tragic episode; and if we knew anything more about Eels as a human food than that the pieces should not be kept in a match-box at home as a curiosity, it would be one of the greatest pleasures of our life to afford counsel and comfort to our gallant friend in his bereavement. As it is, the most and the best we can do is to beseech him to bury the Eels lest worse befall. But he must not "have a smack at her place"!

A Lucky Brute.

A poor old pony—"a bag of skin and bones"—harnessed to a cart, but in a condition so wretched that it had not the strength to "go." To that picture, add the pony's master, a cruel brute, "the worse for drink." You can then credit the statements of witnesses that the man, James Waterfield, tried to make the animal move, but pushed it down instead. So he hit it several hard blows with a stick, tried to get it up, gave it three heavy kicks, blows across the back and ribs, and a kick in the head. Ultimately the poor old, worn-out, starved, bay pony had to be lifted up, and one onlooker, seeing Waterfield's brutality, called out, "Enough of that, old man. You will hear more about this." He did hear more of it, at the Aylsham Petty Sessions; but not much more—for the Magistrates, including an earl, two officers and three others, fined him only 12s., a most inadequate "punishment." The brute should have been gaoled. Aylsham bench seems to be one of the wooden benches.

Fumigatory Fags.

It appears impossible for honest dealing to exist in connection with those evil-smelling things called herbal cigarettes. A number of instances of duplicity have been exposed by us, yet we still find unfortunate readers who succumb to the wily traveller and fall victims to the trick we call "The Herbal 'Have.'" R. Sturley and Co., "Genuine Hand-made Stramonium Cigarette Manufacturers," of 28, Windsor Terrace, City Road, E.C., are expert practitioners in the art of wheedling shopkeepers, if we may judge by their success with a lady, dwelling in a Midland city, who listened and was lost. They promised her, if she would take up an agency to sell their stuff, payment at the rate of 10s. a month, and they undertook to supply showcards and cases for the window. The lady was silly enough to part with £1 7s. for two boxes of herbal horrors, and then the curtain fell. That was in April last. She has written to the people, but cannot get a word in reply, and, though she was informed there were numerous consumers of the cigarettes in her city, she has never had one inquiry for them. Recognising that she has been "done," she asked us to tell her story, for the benefit of other possible dupes. It is an old tale re-told, but repetition may yet bring wisdom to incautious shopkeepers.

Poisonous Tracts.

A "tract" is that form of leaflet which is printed to be thrown away. Usually it deserves no better fate. We have one of "The Sentinel Series," a frothy thing with which soldiers are being pestered. It tells of a "converted" soldier who, on the march, spotted the lady who had converted him. He saluted her with one hand, raised the other hand towards the sky, and shouted in "a voice that rang out over the ranks, 'Ross is right for the glory!'" We are left wondering what the sergeant thought of such behaviour in the ranks, and we expect Ross got all the glory he wanted—C.B., and the rest of it. Another soldier was asked, "How long was it before you saw you had made a blunder in volunteering?" and he is said to have replied, "Exactly one fortnight after landing. It didn't take longer than that to see that I had been a fool!" Even a tract could scarcely print anything more disloyal and detrimental to the service. It is an insult to represent a soldier as saying such a thing, and it is disgraceful to distribute the libel among army men and possible recruits. The Censor might make himself useful, for once, by overhauling the "literature" handed to soldiers.

The Marple Way.

The man Brockway—"A. Fenner Brockway" is how he bills himself, but we prefer to be more curt—who is Chairman of the Marple Branch of the I.L.P., is wholly discredited, we are pleased to say, in his own country. He announced an open-air meeting at Marple, and duly turned up in the company of some other creatures equally contemptible, but the people would have none of him. "The War—A Way Out," was the title of the address he wanted to deliver, but he was obliged to pray for the assistance of the police before he could find a way out down a back alley from the storm he raised by his mere presence, for his speech was never spoken. Marple, knowing the man—one of those who "cannot conscientiously take up arms," but dares to lecture the men who can and do—sang "God Save the King," and Brockway ran, by a back way. He sent a copy of his undelivered speech to the local paper, and it appears that the "way out" suggested by the I.L.P. is that the neutral nations should arrange peace. What really is the matter with persons like Brockway; is it treason, or only softening of the brain?

Thousands of "Bullets" prizes to be won every week. **See page 32.**

A REAL REGISTER WANTED.

REGISTERING OUR VOWS.—MISSING QUESTIONS IN THE OFFICIAL FORMS.

"Register—Register—Register"; how often has the cry been dinned into our ears at this season of the year? But to-day, by a common truce between the "great political parties"—that is the name they give themselves!—the cry is abandoned. Law-abiding, peaceful citizens are not to be brow-beaten as to their right to the vote—through having, perhaps, crossed over the road or changed from Lodger to Householder, during the "qualifying period," as it is called—albeit, until the introduction of that little Bill to postpone all elections till after the war, we *did* hear of certain back-stair schemes between the rival "agents" to fight, in private, for the disfranchisement of those who were of the wrong "colour"! Lord help our happy land!

Registering Our Vows.

But be that as it may, we are now engaged upon a new, and very real, Register—a national Census of Population and Capacity. The object is to show how many of either sex—over fifteen years of age up to sixty-five—there are in the country; what they are doing; what are their obligations towards dependents, and what they are *capable* of doing. There are two Forms—one for men and boys, and one for women and girls. But behind them is another Form—Form 3, let us call it—upon which the various Local Authorities of the kingdom are to record the name and address of every male between the age of eighteen and forty—just for reference hereafter in case Lord Kitchener should want to get in touch with them. As to which, more anon. We are concerned, for the moment, with the two public Forms, one of which—"for males, 2977, Wt 17106–78, 5000 M, 7–15"—is now before us. By the time these lines are read we shall have filled it up, according to law; and omitting, as the lawyers say, merely "formal parts"—such as our age, nationality, extent of family, etc.—we do not anticipate any great embarrassment till we come to this: "How many other persons (*i.e.*, other than children) are dependent on you, excluding employees?" Apparently no names are required, and so we shall have to make a rough guess, without disclosing our little Pension and Compassionate list—which, despite all our misfortunes, has a knack of growing every year, but to which we are fully reconciled—being satisfied that it will be placed to the credit of our account in the books of the Recording Angel. From which you see that, after all, it is a purely selfish institution on our part. The next question is not so difficult: "State fully the particular kind of work done, and the material worked or dealt in (if any)." And in a special footnote we are enjoined to be very precise, being careful to say whether we are "a shepherd, horseman, cowman, farm labourer and so on." We think we shall say "shepherd"—looking after the sheep in the Government and our public offices, and "dealing in" Plain Truth and Common Sense.

The Crucial Questions.

But let us come to the crucial questions in the Form—are we skilled in any other work than that upon which we are engaged, and are we willing to undertake it? And this is the answer we have decided to give: "We think we understand the work of a Business Government for a Business nation, and after the war we shall be willing to undertake it." We do not know what official will scrutinise our Paper, but, whoever he may be, we hope he will make a note of that answer. No doubt all offers of service will be collated and indexed for future reference—they are rare nibs at indexing and collating at Whitehall and Somerset House!—and we suggest that ours shall be placed under the letter B. First of all, that will stand for our name; it will also stand for Business; whilst the Party leaders will tick it off as Bounce and Bunkum. So we shall all be happy. Still, though to the official mind our answer will savour of blasphemy, may not there be something in it, after all? Let us leave out the purely personal element. Isn't it obvious that, quite apart from the question of compulsory military service, this National Register, by taking stock of the nation's Human assets, will lay the foundation of a more business-like method of government? Hitherto the old Census has been a useless thing—many of its questions being of no practical importance, and relating to matters quite outside the functions of the State. What right, for instance, has any Government to ask me my religious faith? They do that, too, with the inmates of our gaols, and nearly all of them reply "Church of England"—which serves the Chaplains right! But to record periodically the status and productivity, and the eligibility for public service, of the population is not only a legitimate, but a primary duty of Government. Some day we shall explain the various purposes to which the information could be put.

The Use of the Register.

For the moment, the first use of it must be to mobilise the whole of the Fighting Force of the country. *Every single man* must at once be put into training—not necessarily for the whole of his time. At present an hour's drill in the evening, and a march on Saturday afternoons, will meet the case. Every man—married or single—capable

of assisting in the production of war munitions—and every woman, too—must be put on the work. Every boy and every girl over fifteen years of age must be taken from school, to be available for work; this is no time for cramming their heads with fairy fables about dead kings and queens, with platitudes about triangles and circles, the geological formation of the cannibal islands, the habits of the aborigines, and all the rest of the rubbish which passes under the name of Education. The corn has to be got in, the fields have to be ploughed and sown, poultry has to be fed, butter has to be made, vegetables have to be grown—food has to be prepared and cooked. And there are hundreds of other directions in which healthy, strong boys and girls may be employed. To keep them at school whilst three million men are away from their ordinary work is nothing less than criminal folly.

In a sentence, we are at war.

The Conscription Bogy.

Of course, the one great outcry will be against the "thin end of the wedge of Conscription"; but what on earth does that matter? All things are changed to-day. We have learnt the folly and the fallacy of the old school of political thought—the "Blue Water School" it was called. Now it is the *Red* Water School, and everybody must pass through it—*everybody*. A big navy will be effective, always, in protecting our shores and our markets; but, without an adequate army, it will never secure the safety and permanence of the British Empire. They need not be always under arms, but we must have a reserve army of five million men. And if we cannot get it by voluntary service, we must get it by compulsion. Conscription, we know, is not a very British institution, but—as the Kaiser has taught us—in the words of the old proverb, "Needs must when the Devil drives." And he is driving to-day with a vengeance.

The Munitions Muddle.

We are not greatly impressed with the Munitions aspect of the Register. There has been a good deal of humbug over this alleged shortage of labour. Hundreds—thousands—of qualified workers have been buffeted from pillar to post, and there is much bitter feeling in the land in regard to the manner in which they have been treated. Here, for instance, is a typical letter of complaint—from a man, highly skilled, of excellent record, and who gave up a good situation to place his services at the disposal of the new Munitions Department:—"I enrolled," he says, "as a munitions volunteer on July 6th. I received instructions to report myself at Messrs. Thornycrofts, which I did, only to find I had been sent there in error. I returned home, and reported the error in writing to the Minister of Munitions. I had no acknowledgment of that letter. I wrote again on the 24th, which they acknowledged. I wrote again on the 29th, which they again acknowledged. I wrote again on August 3rd, marked 'Urgent,' imploring them to find me something to do, as I had left my employment. After receiving the note asking me to report at Messrs. Thornycrofts, my place had been filled at the works by another man for the period of the war. I cannot ask for this man to be put aside, as I do not know when I may be sent for again. I have explained all this, and I still know nothing. This now makes my fourth week of unemployment, and I have received nothing from the Munitions Minister, my wages for the month being £15, and my expenses back from Thornycroft's; and I consider it a great shame that a family should be brought to want in this way through no fault of my own. I have explained all these details to them, and I still know nothing, although I have implored them to send me instructions what I am to do. I have enclosed copy of my testimonial from my previous employer to let you see that I am no shirker, and that this idleness is not of my own seeking." We are sending letters like that on to Mr. Lloyd George every day; and the best advice we can give workers is to fill up the Register and then stick to their present jobs till they are sent for.

Some Missing Questions.

But what about the missing columns in the Forms? Surely a golden opportunity for obtaining most valuable information, free of all cost, has been thrown away. Let us, by way of illustration, give three questions which under a Business Government would have been found in the paper:

> *If you are between the ages of* 18 *and* 40, *is there any special reason why you have not enlisted for military service? (If for any reason of health or infirmity give short particulars.)*
>
> *Do you know of any German-born individual at present employed or engaged in any position likely to afford him, or her, opportunities for obtaining or communicating information of use to the enemy?*
>
> *State, in confidence, the name and address of any person whom you have reason to suspect of being in sympathy with Germany.*

Now we venture to say that some of the replies elicited in response to these three questions would have been of most vital importance and usefulness. The first inquiry would have assisted the War Office immensely—whilst the other two would have furnished Scotland Yard and the Police throughout the country with many a clue to enemies in our midst.

We should have got the names of Hotel and Restaurant Managers, Works Managers, Correspondence Clerks, Bank Officials, Public Servants, Civil Service Employees, and even of Army and Navy Officers, upon whom a close watch could have been kept. After all, much information comes to the knowledge of the private citizen, and many things are said and done in his hearing and presence of which the authorities never hear. We should have learnt more about spies and traitors in a day than all the detectives have been able to find out in a year. Whilst, as regards the shirkers—well, there wouldn't have been any left. No man of eligible age who was without good and sufficient excuse would be found unenlisted this week!

Oh for a Business Government!

WHO IS MEDDLING?

POLITICIANS THE CURSE—LEAVE IT TO KITCHENER.

BY A. G. HALES.

There is an ugly rumour afloat to the effect that military and naval strategy is being made subservient to political caprice, and that the best fighting brains of the nation are being hampered by so-called diplomatic exigencies. If this is so—and there is seldom smoke without fire—then the sooner the British public abandons its present attitude, and makes it clear that another *debacle* like the retirement of Lord Fisher will not be tolerated, the better. The country took the retirement of our greatest sailor much too quietly; it was not a healthy sign. There was something far too sheep-like about the national attitude on that occasion, and a repetition of such an outrage upon common-sense will prove one of two things; either we are a race of imbeciles, or that we are playing at war. If the former be the case, then nothing matters as far as we are concerned; if the latter, we may awaken some day to find we have been playing upon the edge of a volcano. There seems to be no well-defined boundary line marking naval, military and political activities.

HIGHFALUTIN NONSENSE.

There is a lot of highfalutin nonsense being talked at present by a political section which claims to hold the national conscience in its pocket. This section, or faction, is fond of quoting Germany and the "scrap of paper" episode—the *coterie* thinks more of a phrase than of all the blood that has been spilt, simply because they are phrase-makers and not makers or enders of war. This shibboleth is expressed thus: "We must fight and act like gentlemen, no matter what Germany does." It is very pretty as a phrase, but it is not war. To suit her military or naval needs, Germany is to be permitted to do anything; she may overlap or cross any neutral lines, but our fighting forces must respect each and every boundary and trespass on no soil that does not actually belong to ourselves, our Allies or the enemy. Taken as a sentiment this is very noble, very splendid—but it is not war, and as long as this course is maintained neither our soldiers nor our sailors can win. We are now conducting the campaign as we would play an international game of chess; we know the rules and we abide by them. But the enemy regards no rules—how, then, *can* we checkmate a player who does just as the spirit moves him? We have got to grasp the fact that war, as laid down by Germany, has no governing principles, and we must play it as our opponent plays or it will go on for ever. This may sound very shocking to the gentlemen in our midst who want to wear the red rose of victory side by side with the white flower of a blameless life—but they will find in the end that it is the only way out.

THREE ROADS TO SUCCESS.

There are three roads to success open to us, and every important naval and military man in the country knows them, but it is freely stated that each of those paths is barred to our strategists by political interference. I wonder how long Germany will hesitate to cross another frontier if such a move fits in with her military needs. What is she massing an army to strike at Serbia for? Is there a man in Britain foolish enough to think that Germany cares a straw at this juncture about crippled Serbia? Her intention is to frighten or smash Roumania and Bulgaria, two little neutral Powers, so that she can pour munitions into Turkey and keep the Dardanelles closed and thus choke Russia. That is war as Germany understands it, and Germany is in a position to set the tune, and whether we like it or not we have got to dance to the tune she sets. We have no desire to hurt any neutral nation, but we have to remember that our enemy has terrorised most of the small neutral Powers into supplying her with the necessaries of war, to such an extent that some of them are practically her allies. Against their own will they have broken the letter and the spirit of the covenant they made with us—Germany would have crushed them as she crushed Belgium if they had not. Knowing these things, is it not time diplomacy stood aside and permitted the soldiers and sailors to have a free hand to end the war? Are the soldiers and sailors to be tied to the diplomatic chess-board whilst the enemy moves free of all restrictions?

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES WASTED.

After the Russians had been beaten right back to Warsaw the German armies were so near exhaustion that it was doubtful whether they would be able to continue the advance against the Muscovite forces, or to return immediately to the Western front to bring pressure on the French and British lines. It was a great chance for British strategy, if our soldiers had had a free hand. We did nothing on the Channel coast, but our glorious army with our French Ally was doing wonders on the road to the Dardanelles, where no men are fighting better than the indomitable Australians. So sternly have the Allies fought on the Gallipoli Peninsula that at last the Kaiser knows beyond doubt that the loss of Constantinople is as sure as destiny. The Dardanelles are certain to be in our possession ere long, and the only thing that will keep the Russian hosts from overwhelming Germany when that waterway is opened is a successful invasion of Russia by the Kaiser and the reduction of Petrograd and Moscow. The Kaiser can see this written upon the wall, and is therefore hurrying up all the troops he can raise, in order—if he can—to smash the Muscovites before we clear the Dardanelles. It is a race against time. Can he get to Petrograd before we get to the Turkish capital? If he does, we shall lose one-half the fruits of the splendid achievement; for he will then be in a position to prevent Russian armies from co-operating with us. But if we get through to the Black Sea before he takes Petrograd, the mad Kaiser will be in a cleft stick, and he will be lucky if he gets any of his army of invasion safely out of Russia. Now is the moment for us to make a diversion upon another front, and drive right into Germany's vitals, and the Kaiser's house of cards will come tumbling about his ears. Oh for one hour of Pitt, the master statesman—one little hour in which to give Kitchener permission to change the face of Europe with a stroke of military genius! Never for a moment since the first shot was fired in this war have we looked like losing; never since the first shot was fired have we looked so close to a crushing victory—which must bring Germany tumbling to her knees. The Kaiser would not have marched on Petrograd if he had not seen Constantinople tottering. If he can only smash everything of military value in Russia before the last fort in the Dandanelles and Bosphorus falls, he hopes to be able to make terms of peace that will save something to Germany; for he will have Poland and Belgium to barter with. Again I say, Oh for one hour of Pitt—then we should see our mariners swarming towards the Brandenburg Gate and the German army now operating in Russia would come reeling back to safeguard their own hearths and homes, and the war would be all over.

A SERENE SWANKER.

PITY THE PLIGHT OF A PEREGRINATING POLISH "PRINCE."

Can anybody enlighten us regarding "The Prince Paul Z. Riedelski," who is sometimes merely "Serene" and at other times claims to be addressed as "Royal Highness"? He started a General Polish Relief Fund in Bath, and according to his advertisement in *The Times*, King George "deigned to receive a congratulatory message from the President (his Serenity) very graciously," and his Majesty King Dom Manuel "has graciously accepted Prince Riedelski's appeal." Among the list of the patrons of the Fund are the names of the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. John Redmond, and his Royal Highness is to be congratulated on having got around two such prominent persons. We have endeavoured to discover who the Prince is, but have failed. Even the Foreign Office has met with no more success. The gentleman himself, when challenged by his Committee, rolled out a rhapsody of the glories of his ancient lineage, which—so he says—dates from Bolislas II., who died 834 years ago. According to another of his statements, however, he got his title from King Manuel; but his Majesty, in reply to an inquiry, characterised the allegation as absurd. Doubtless the ex-King regarded the question as an insult. Nor can Sir Edward Grey enlighten us. The only information in his possession is that the man is not known to sereneness or royalty so far as can be ascertained. Pressed further by Dr. Garnett, who took an interest in the Fund, the sprig of "royalty" expressed surprise that "any question should be raised as to my title *at all*"—adding, cryptically, "That people wish to know I do not doubt; but I thought everybody knew." In the letter in which the foregoing occurs, the "Prince" offered proof in the shape of a communication to him from "a certain President of an independent country." Then comes the *bonne bouche*. If the questioners of the Serenity will put down £250 (payable in advance), the Prince will "undertake a little journey" to secure papers which will prove that he is really and truly of the blood royal. He continues: "If I go on the journey (in England, I may add) with the money at my disposal I need no Ambassador to prove my case. I think one cannot go higher than offer to show them a message to me directly from a King. There seems a little discrepancy here, the guarantor apparently being intended to be identical with the elected head of the unspecified State.

THE PRINCELY WANDERER.

We pity any Serene or Royal Highness stranded in England and unable to prove his status, and should be glad to assist him if we knew that his claim were genuine. But we confess to having doubts about this man. He has been accepted by various ladies and divers mayors as a Prince. He has put himself forward as one, he has been kow-towed to, and doubtless has had a high old time, such as we British like all friendly foreigners to have while they dwell among us. But who *is* this Prince? The Polish and home authorities know him not. He is located at present in a well-known City hotel, but his eyes are turned towards his native country, for which he will doubtless make a bee-line when the fates are propitious. In the meantime, we throw out the hint to mammas with eligible daughters that, before they allow their girls to marry strangers who dangle the offer of a crown as a dowry, they should consult Stubb's or somebody else who will investigate the credentials of the prospective husband.

"PRINCES FIND FEW FRIENDS."

We understand that for some years past his Royal Highness has been earning a modest living by teaching languages. It also appears that several distinguished people who had somewhat hastily consented to serve on his Committee, upon reflection unkindly withdrew their names—and this, doubtless, was one of the principal causes of abandonment of the appeal. By the way, our latest information is that the man's real and only name is "Riedel." There seems to be a good deal of moonshine in the "ski."

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT.

OUR INSURANCE SCHEME CONSOLES BOMB SUFFERERS.

After an interval of rather over a month, two more enemy air raids on the East Coast, of some magnitude, took place last week. Unfortunately, they were attended with the loss of twenty lives, personal injury to forty-two people, and very considerable damage to property. We immediately dispatched representatives to the scenes—the precise localities we are unable to state, owing to the natural restrictions placed upon the Press in time of war—in order to ascertain the facts and settle claims. Up to the time of going to press no fewer than 33 claims have been paid, whilst the necessary verification has practically been completed in a large number of other cases. Those who have already received cheques to compensate them for their loss are:—

F. E. Abel, A. A. Aboll, F. W. Barley, C. Beaumont, Edwin Brown, George Brown, J. Brown, Mrs. E. Brundle, B. H. Carter, T. Havelock Coombs, F. Cricksmore, Mrs. E. Demmington, Mrs. E. Durrant, G. C. Gearing, G. B. Gorrod, Harry Haws, G. James, C. J. Kemp, M. Linder, Charles Metcalfe, A. W. Mobbs, J. Moore, Miss A. S. Moriarity, Mrs. H. Mummery, E. T. Murrill, Miss E. Page, H. W. Plant, R. J. Runacres, W. W. Searles, A. Smith, J. Turner, T. R. Woods, T. W. J. Woollough.

We hope to publish further names next week, together with such particulars in regard to them as are permissible.

Our representatives were much touched by the plight to which many of the poor sufferers by the Huns' barbarous methods of warfare had been reduced. In some instances the victims had been undergoing considerable hardship in consequence of the war, and the crushing blow they received by their homes being either greatly damaged or even practically destroyed, would have been too great to bear had no such providential means of recouping their losses been available to them. The compensation paid was in respect of loss of, or damage to, almost every conceivable kind of furniture and effects, besides injury to the actual structure of the buildings ranging from the almost complete rasing of the premises to the ground, to a few broken windows or fallen ceilings. In some instances what were a few hours before cherished "household gods" had been reduced to so many sacks containing little more than splinters! The work of estimating the extent of the damage sustained was, however, speedily accomplished, the unfortunate sufferers being profuse in their expressions of gratitude for the prompt manner in which cheques were handed to them. We are very glad to have been of this material assistance to harmless people who had done nothing to justify the dastardly attack upon them.

UNIQUE BENEFITS FOR OUR READERS.

We were, of course, the first to devise a plan in order to protect civilians against war risks. One by one, however, various imitators arose—though in no case were the terms offered comparable for generosity with our original scheme. One by one would-be competitors have abandoned the attempt, until now there is a solitary journal—and that a daily one—which offers a free war insurance of *any* kind, and that offer is of a most limited nature. Even the Government scheme, which requires as a preliminary the payment of a substantial premium, is hampered and restricted by all kinds of red-tape rules and regulations. No such obstacles have been put in the way of our readers—they merely place with their newsagents an order for a weekly copy, and register the form which will be found on page ii. of cover, and they are automatically entitled to all the benefits which are there set out. As our readers are aware, we have an antipathy to legal rigmarole and circumvention, preferring the plain straightforward methods of the man in the street. We tell you plainly what are the benefits which you will receive, and see that you get them promptly when entitled to them.

Up to the time of going to press, the number of claims we have paid reaches the enormous total of 152—clearly proving both the necessity of insuring against war risks (and ours is the only full, free insurance offered to the public) and the hearty reception which our enterprise and liberality have met with.

Your Policy in Zeppelin Insurance is to be found on page ii of cover.

THE FRAUDULENT MARRIAGE-MONGER.

"MILLICENT FORBES" THREATENS LIBEL ACTION!

A young lady, noticing the deceptive advertisement of the shameless and fraudulent Wimbish (Saffron Walden) matrimonial agent, who uses as one of his *aliases* the name of "Millicent Forbes," early last April got into communication with him, believing in the first place that she was writing to the actual person desirous of finding a wife. She was quickly undeceived in this respect by the receipt of several of "Millicent's" rambling and illiterate screeds, lauding the character of her "client," enlarging upon his comfortable financial position, and closing with a request for "the lowest fee I charge which will be £1 1s., which is to be prepaid." She sent "Millicent" the guinea, and a photograph of herself for transmission to the supposed candidate for matrimony.

On April 26th, "Millicent" wrote to her (his) victim a letter which possesses several points of peculiar interest. It runs:—

> I have just heard from my Client who has some special business on hand and will you please communicate with him at the address given below.—I am Madam, Yours faithfully, Millicent Forbes.
> Address—Clarence Aldridge Esq.
> The Hotel Metropole, London, W.

Close examination shows that the body of the missive, as well as the name and address given at foot, excepting the word "Metropole," look suspiciously like a mechanically reproduced copy of an original typewritten letter, whilst the date and the word "Metropole" have obviously been typed in subsequently. This suggests that the letter is no more than a stereotyped form.

With many misgivings, and much reluctance, the foolish young lady wrote to the presumably fictitious person at the address given. She received no reply. After waiting more than a reasonable time, she wrote to "Millicent," complaining of the discourteous silence of the "client," to which "Millicent" vouchsafed no answer. Meanwhile, the young lady's indiscreet dealings with a self-styled matrimonial agent had come to the knowledge of her brother-in-law. This gentleman took the matter in hand at once, wrote a vigorous letter to "Millicent," expressing his candid opinion of her (his) methods, and demanding, on behalf of his relative, the return of the guinea. Its receipt appears to have touched "Millicent" on the raw, for on May 14th she (he) replied in the following terms:—

> Sir, I am in reciept of of a communication dated the 13th inst which is of a Libelous nature. You have implied that my business transactions are a GIGANTIC SWINDLE. herewith take notice that failing the immediate withdrawal of your imputation as contained in the letter referred to that I am at once instructing my Solicitors to give service to a firm of Solicitors in your vicinity to enter action for same. It will be to your interest to see to your own affairs and not others. Your Sister made application to have the Introduction to a certain Client of mine. She had particulars and terms of business, Which was for a series of Introductions. She replied and engaged my services and has been given one Introduction the result I do not know she was placed in correspondence with him and she has the facility of others on application. She holds the reciept to that effect. And as for me returning my Fee you seem to think I am some business fool, What do you mean to infer by your slanderous statement of compromising your Sister She has to do that I am prepared to repeat your statement elsewhere. In final I decline to entertain any correspondence from you. My business is not with you. If as you state you have copy of your sisters letters it goes to prove you have a poor conception of business transactions.

A further letter from the justly incensed brother-in-law drew this following impudent and illiterate reply:—

> I have to hand one more communication demanding money by Menaces and Libelous threats, I have no business with you the one I had has reciept for Fee and conditions Viz until suited. Your letter with its threats has now been sent on to my Solicitors who you will hear from. People referred to will be dealt with no fear. I will give you all the rope you want.

Over a month has passed, and "Millicent" has not yet seen fit to set the law in motion to vindicate her (his) character. She (he) knows better.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PRUSSIAN PRIEST.

ENEMY ALIEN LICENSED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

A curious customer, not yet interned, is the Rev. Care Wilhelm Bollmann. He is a product of German culture, possessing a unique personality, with one side that is undeniably clever, and another side that may be merely artful. Such a complex character is worth study, and worth watching, for it furnishes a notable example of the many-sided individualities that Germany supplies to other countries. Mr. Bollmann is, we believe, registered as an enemy alien at Albany Street Police Station, London, but he resides, at present, at Ramsgate, travelling to London when required by the exercise of his calling. His history is interesting and instructive, deserving more than passing notice. He is a native of Aachen, Prussia, born of Prussian Lutheran parents. For fifteen years he worked with an ironmonger and small-arms maker, but he moved to the English colony in Aachen and attended the English Church there. In 1910 he came to London, seeking to minister among foreign Old Catholics, and was ordained priest. He received no stipend, but was always well furnished with money. Within three months he departed from the sect he had joined, and applied to the Bishop of London to license him as an "Old Catholic" priest in Anglican churches. The Prussian was duly licensed by the Bishop, and began to officiate at St. Mary's Church, Charing Cross Road. Services were held in French—and in German; lately they have been advertised as "in Latin." A recent advertisement in the *Church Times* announces a "Sung Requiem for Rev. —— ——, on anniversary of his death, on Friday, 13th (August), at St. Mary's, Soho. Mr. Bollmann officiating."

The reverend gentleman, licensed by London's Bishop, is a plausible Prussian, young, clever in languages, and well-mannered. We are informed he is a married man, but the present whereabouts of his wife is unknown to us. He is just the kind of "registered" enemy alien for whom one can have no peculiar affection in these days, and he offers an opening for official interest in Ramsgate and in London.

PIANOFORTE POINTS.

BLUFF BOYS OF THE BULLDOG BREED.

In the protection they afford to the alien speculator, the existing Company Laws are a prolific source of mischief. For example, the style and title of Messrs. Carl Lindstrom (London), Limited, is hardly calculated to inspire confidence in patriotic breasts, but upon reference to the files at Somerset House we find this firm of piano-manufacturers duly registered as a British concern. This anomaly has not escaped the notice of the *Pianomaker*, the accredited organ of the trade, from a recent issue of which we cull the following particulars, all of which may be verified from the official records:—

> Max Strauss and Otto Heinemann, both of 137, Frankfurter-strasse, Berlin, and Solomon Marx, 44, Charlottenstrasse, Berlin, hold practically the shares of the Company. There are only two other shareholders, Albert Martin Oppenheimer and Otto Ruhl, each holding one share. Albert Martin Oppenheimer was also a Director—the qualification to become a Director is only the holding of a £1 share—but he resigned since the beginning of the War, and his place on the Board has been filled by a London solicitor. The other Directors are Germans, mostly resident in Germany.

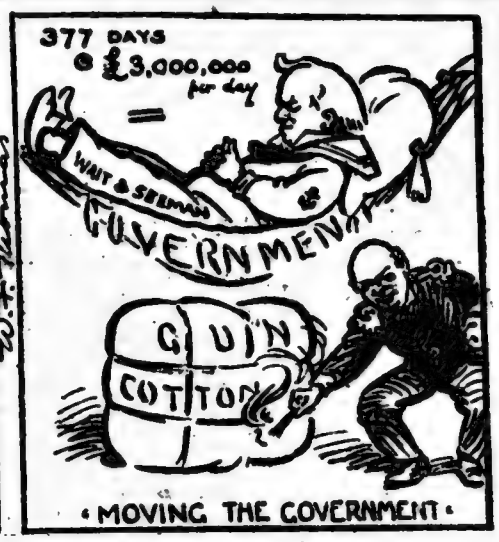
In this connection, it is interesting to note that another concern called Carl Lindstrom (Aktiengesellschaft), incorporated "outside the United Kingdom," was registered in May, 1909. In the translated agreements filed, no secret is made of the fact that the headquarters of this firm are in Berlin, whence, until the outbreak of war, the whole of its foreign business was conducted. In relation to this Company, Messrs. Max Strauss, Otto Heinemann, and Solomon Marx figure as "managers," while the translation of the German agreements is certified correct by Mr. A. M. Oppenheimer. From these facts our readers will have no difficulty in drawing their own conclusion. What an amazing people we are!

"John Bull" Diary of the first year of the War. Ready Saturday next, August 21st.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

If they lose a Zepp. each time
They commit a fatuous crime,
What a swarm of them they'll need
To achieve some *warlike* deed!



Loud demands on every hand
That cotton be made contraband
Reach the Premier's ears, but he
Goes on sleeping peacefully.

Churchill's credit now seems less
For the Navy's readiness,
Since the country's told at last
'Twas Battenberg who said, "Stand fast!"

An unknown soldier finds it handy
To be the "spit" of Sergeant Dandy;
But rather rough on Dandy's missus,
Who may regret her wifely kisses.

John Bull, impatient of delay,
Thinks registration foolish play;
In place thereof he'd like to see
More signs of warlike energy.

When Germhun market women try
To fix their prices rather high,
They find, to their confusion utter,
A sudden fall in eggs and butter!

STARVING THE SOLDIER.

HUMAN VULTURES FATTENING ON OUR MEN.

Day after day we receive letters from men in training complaining of their food. It would seem that here and there master cooks and others are making money at the expense of the men, and the sooner the War Office calls for complaints and investigates them the better. As an instance, in one camp a hot meal is served one day and a stew made with what is left over on the next. What becomes, we may well ask, of the day's rations saved? We have, too, numerous complaints as to canteens run by London "stores." The soldier gets, all told, about a shilling a day. If he is married, he allots half of it to his dependents, so is left with about 3s. a week with which to pamper his fleshly appetites. In these circumstances, it was sheer robbery to charge a penny at one of these places for a cake which is before us. We have submitted it to several London confectioners, who—although they have to pay rent and rates—can sell similar articles at a halfpenny each or seven for threepence. The Crimea taught us something; the War Scandals Inquiry after the South African War made the nation's eyes bulge with wonder. After this war, *if* an inquiry is held, Britain will gasp with horror. Is not it time that somebody at the War Office should look into affairs to see that the men get the quantities of food they are entitled to by the King's Regulations, and that they are not fleeced?

HER FORM.

Young Lucy nibbled at her pen,
A maiden fair and sweet,
Perplexed, she wondered how to fill
Her registration sheet;
She had to truly state her age,
To ask the thing was mean,
But, frowning hard, she told the truth,
And wrote down, "17."

If she were single, or a wife!
That put her in a pet,
So, in the "married" column, she
Inscribed the news, "Not yet";
While, as for her "dependents," well,
Whoever heard such stuff?
But, there! she must confess, so she
Wrote, "One; my kitten, Fluff."

For "occupation," she set down
She would not be averse,
Provided 'twas a handsome lad,
Some soldier boy to nurse;
While, as regards an extra task,
"I'm willing, too," wrote she,
"That, when I tire of nursing him,
He should start nursing me"!

We give £100 certain every week in "Money Pictures."

LENDERS WHO DID NOT LEND.

THE FOLLY OF PAYING PRELIMINARY FEES.

An interesting object lesson in the way some moneylenders do *not* do business is furnished by Messrs. T. Cowling, Ltd., Financiers, 113, Park Lane, Leeds. Attracted by their advertisement, a reader applied for a loan of £10, and filled up an application form enclosing the sum of 9s. 6d. for expenses. The next move was a request for two sureties, and the names of a couple of people were promptly supplied. Almost equally prompt was the decision of T. Cowling, Ltd., not to proceed with the business, because, they said, after an interval of only four days, in a printed circular letter, "you decline to comply with our request which is quite reasonable." We are, however, assured that "nothing was in any way declined." But the "financiers" would advance no "tenner"; they, however, having received 9s. 6d. for an "enquiry charge," stated—again in a printed communication—"we have deducted the actual out-of-pocket expenses and have pleasure in returning to you herewith P.O. value 2s., being the exact balance in your favour."

How strange that 2s. (the figure is also printed) should be in many cases the "exact balance" in favour of the would-be borrower, after deducting the actual out-of-pocket expenses"!

The applicant, extremely dissatisfied, wrote to say that no personal enquiries had been made, and he therefore claimed the return of the whole of his payment and not a mere fraction of it. That, however, did not suit the book of T. Cowling, Ltd., who, sticking to the 7s. 6d., practically tell our reader he may do his durnedest. It is one more example in a myriad of the folly of paying fees in advance for "business" which is not carried out. T. Cowling, Ltd., advertise largely, and probably have many applications for loans. If they are able to obtain an "enquiry fee" in every case, the Company should pay a decent dividend. Our friend, who has received—doubtless in common with many other prospective clients—2s. of his money back, may feel proud of his success in getting advertising moneylenders to disgorge even a part of the cash that had come to their clutches. It is a happening of infrequent occurrence among such gentry as a whole.

CLOSED CLUBS.

CRANKS ABROAD IN SOUTH WALES.

At Caerphilly (South Wales), the other day, the Justices heard an application on behalf of 14 clubs in the division, with an aggregate membership of 2,500, for the removal of an embargo upon Sunday opening. The petitioners' case was well stated by Mr. Lovat Fraser:

> As a Bench of Magistrates they must not allow their personal convictions to prevail, but adjudicate upon the actual needs of the district. It could not be contended for one moment that the Restriction Order was passed for the maintenance of law and order or for the furtherance of munition works. No disturbances had taken place in that petty sessional division, and there were no munition works in the district, neither could it be held that there had been any undue drunkenness among the soldiers. He maintained that the behaviour of the clubs was equal to that of many chapels in the district.

It is to be observed that the clubmen's application was opposed, not by the representatives of law and order or by any public authority, but by the local Free Church Council, whose *locus standi* in the matter it is a little difficult to discover. These vicarious moralists were represented by a Mr. Millward, who declared that "many partakers of intoxicants on Sunday neglected their work on Monday, and those who did attend work were unable to perform their duties in a satisfactory manner." Although there was not an atom of evidence corroborating these statements as applied to the Caerphilly district, the Magistrates declined to vary their original order, and the clubs of the district will, therefore, remain closed on Sundays as a concession, not to public necessity, but to the blind prejudice of pumpuritan cranks.

THE LIMIT.

A COOL SNOWBALL SCHEME.

For sheer, unmitigated effrontery and Arctic impudence, commend us to an appeal being issued in the name of one James Simpson, whose address is given as 125, George Street, Glasgow. He appears to have originated a "snowball" scheme (of which there is a regular blizzard just now) in aid of the Belgians, but what is the authority for so doing we have yet to learn. The "snowball" runs as follows:—

> You have no doubt heard of the great distress of the Belgians, probably the greatest horror in this ghastly war. Will you kindly help them? If so, please send your subscription to Mr. James Simpson, 125, George Street, Glasgow, and also make copies of this letter and send them to friends, asking them to do likewise. Every little helps. Please do not break the chain.

The particular sample we have before us was sent in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Consequently its recipient was called upon by a vigilant Post Office to pay an additional 1d., the letter not being a circular or a business document within the meaning of the Act, so to speak. Now, who *is* Mr. James Simpson, anyway? And is he aware that the authorities have expressed a strong aversion to such methods for the purpose of raising charitable funds as have been adopted in this instance? We have already enlarged on the confusion that has arisen in the case of Mrs. Findlater's "snowball" scheme to collect money for a motor ambulance, and the impossibility of stopping the rolling of the ball after the first push off. The same objections apply with added force to the variation now in question. No limit is set to the amount of individual sums subscribed; there is no statement as to the originator's standing in the community; the appeal gives no assurance that the sums received will be duly audited; it makes no declaration as to relations with the authorised Belgian Relief Fund, nor does it suggest how it is proposed to use in aid of our distressed ally the money which may be received. Consequently we strongly advise the charitable public to ignore the unconvincing appeal, and to place instead what money they can spare for the purpose suggested in the hands of the responsible organisation, which will acknowledge its receipt and will publish a duly audited statement of account.

A CHOLERIC COLONEL.

POLICE ATTORNEY'S AMAZING ADMISSION.

Driving a motor-car in Regent Street the other day Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Bryan Leighton collided with a taxi-cab, putting the steering gear of his own car out of order, and doing some damage to the cab. A police officer was soon upon the scene, and at the Marlborough Street Police Court, Sir Bryan was afterwards charged with "being drunk while in charge of a car." After formal evidence the proceedings were adjourned, and a week later Mr. Muskett intimated, on behalf of the Commissioner of Police that, "it was not necessary to proceed with the charge of drunkenness," the defendant now being merely accused of "driving a motor-car dangerously." In regard to the graver allegation, Mr. Muskett suggested that, "If Sir Bryan had shown a little more reasonableness and courtesy to the constable who arrived upon the scene, the more serious charge of drunkenness would not have been preferred"; from which it must, we suppose, be inferred that officers of the Metropolitan Police are apt to avenge such personal slights by levelling random charges, which cannot be substantiated in a court of law. Upon the whole, we are inclined to congratulate Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Bryan Leighton upon being well out of a most troublesome affair, while, at the same time, we would felicitate the Marlborough Street Magistrate upon the ease with which he seems to have seen his way through a mass of ambiguities which has completely baffled our less piercing vision. And now, as we write, we hear that Sir Bryan is again in trouble—at Hendon!

To show how B.D.V. CIGARETTES are appreciated by our gallant Forces Godfrey - Phillips, Ltd., reproduce below a letter received from L.-Corp. L. J. Keyworth, who was recently awarded the coveted V.C. for his great heroism.

(Photo by F. A. Swaine.)

L.-CORP. L. J. KEYWORTH, V.C, 21th London Regiment (Territorial).

July 27th, 1915.

To Messrs. Godfrey-Phillips,
Commercial Street, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—

I think it will interest you to know that your B.D.V. cigarettes are great favourites with the "boys" at the Front.

Personally I prefer them to any other Brand, and it has greatly pleased me to notice that the friends at home who send us out good things, generally include a liberal supply of B.D.V.'s.

I shall not forget to take some back with me, for a good cigarette is really a necessity when in the trenches.

If you care to announce the fact I do not in the least mind your publishing my very good opinion concerning B.D.V.'s.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) L-C. L. J. KEYWORTH, V.C.

Lance-Corporal Keyworth stood fully exposed for two hours on the top of the enemy's parapet, and threw about 150 bombs amongst the Germans, who were only a few yards away.

How L.-Cpl. Keyworth won the V.C.

Each packet of B.D.V. cigarettes contains a beautiful silk flag or picture or badge which can be worked up into a great variety of examples of art needlework. Cushion covers, tables centres, d'oyleys of interesting and artistic design, a hundred and one useful and ornamental articles, can be made with these pretty silks. Then there are competitions in which valuable money prizes are given to those sending in the most original and tasteful piece of needlework. £1,160 has been already awarded in Money Prizes. Full particulars post free from Godfrey-Phillips, Ltd., London.

You probably still cling to the "same brand"—to the poor cigarettes, or to the merely good. You wrong yourself! B.D.V. Cigarettes will give you an entirely new idea of how delightful a cigarette can really be; the cool smoking properties of B.D.V. cigarettes are the result of scientific blending of the choicest American tobaccos carefully selected and mellowed in bond. Buy a packet and judge for yourself.

B.D.V. • THE SILK-PICTURE CIGARETTE 10 FOR 3D.

HURRAH FOR HEMMERDE!

SAVAGE STIPENDIARY SEVERELY SNUBBED.

As Recorder of Liverpool, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., M.P., has lately been having a busy time, and we compliment him upon the courage and independence he has displayed in revising some recent decisions of Mr. Stuart Deacon, the Liverpool Stipendiary. At the last City Sessions, three police-court convictions came before the Recorder by way of appeal, and in each case the learned gentleman had strong observations to offer in regard to the action of his "brother in law." In the first place, a boarding-house keeper appealed against two sentences of imprisonment for "failing to furnish information to a registration officer"—concerning aliens lodging at his house. For the appellant it was alleged that at the preliminary hearing of the charge, Mr. Stuart Deacon had admitted evidence in a wholly improper fashion, and had ordered the defendant to be detained in custody, simply because he needed an interpreter, whose services were not immediately forthcoming. Holding that the man had already expiated his offence, which was of little more than a technical nature, Mr. Hemmerde allowed the appeal, in both cases, with costs. In the second place, a ship's steward appealed against a sentence of 28 days' imprisonment, passed upon him in respect of a charge of being drunk and disorderly and assaulting a black soldier. "There did not seem to be the slightest suggestion," said the Recorder, "that the black soldier was seriously assaulted. The appellant, in a drunken condition, got into an ordinary row in which no one was hurt." In these circumstances, a sentence of four weeks' imprisonment, was obviously out of all proportion to the nature of the offence, and we are in entire agreement with Mr. Hemmerde that "no such penalty should ever have been imposed." Unhappily, there was worse to follow. In the third case, a Chinaman had been sentenced, by Mr. Stuart Deacon, to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, and his wife, a young Englishwoman, to fourteen days, "for giving false information at a boarding-house in Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, by describing themselves as man and wife." The parties were now married, but at the date of the alleged offence the woman, with the connivance of the man, had pretended to a wifely status which she did not then enjoy. Like Mr. Hemmerde, we are "absolutely at a loss to understand how the sentences could have been passed." "I do not think," added the Recorder, "that it was ever intended by the Legislature that particulars required to be filled up for the purpose of getting thorough supervision and State control over the movements of aliens, should be used for the purpose of prying into the private concerns of British subjects." Again, both appeals were allowed with costs. We trust this sharp lesson may not be lost upon Mr. Stuart Deacon.

BILLETS AND BILLETEES.

HOW HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF AT IPSWICH.

Ipswich is consumed with envy of its neighbours, Norwich and Colchester, for while Ipswich folk receive half-a-crown *per diem* for ministering to the creature comforts of a soldier boy, the billeting rate in the other places is 3s. 4½d. Even in Ipswich there are quaint and curious exceptions, for we hear of a householder who billeted four soldiers, supplying them with exactly similar board and lodging and entertaining them each for a like period, who was paid, for two of them, at the rate of 17s. 6d. a week, and for the other twain at 23s. 4½d. Householders are threatened, if they grumble, that "central feeding" will be adopted, and billets required only for lodging, at ninepence a day. This leads to another story, relating that when central feeding was in force, one lot of rations was so bad that—probably in imitation of the treatment meted out by the Paris mob to the Minister who had told the starving people to eat grass—it was displayed on a lamppost, and labelled, "Your King and Country need you, And this is how they feed you!" Similar complaints reach us also from Southwick, in Sussex.

CREEPY CRANKS.

A CHANCE FOR CURIOUS CLERICS.

To this day there are simple souls who watch and wait for the fulfilment of the prophecies of Joanna Southcott—among them a Miss Alice Seymour, of Yelverton, Devonshire, whose efforts to resuscitate the Southcott cult are marked by the genuine fervour of fanaticism. The occasion of the war has been seized upon as a fitting opportunity for a republication of the alleged writings of the saintly Joanna, the stirring events of the past year having, it is claimed, been revealed to her prophetic vision more than a century ago. "All that the Lord will do on the earth" is said to have been foreshadowed in these writings. "Our foes," declared Joanna, "will become our friends," an obvious forecast of the Franco-British Alliance. "Two monarchs will plan a great war"—Kaiser Wilhelm and the Emperor Francis Joseph to the life! Occasionally, the prophetess was even more specific. The Germans would be "in our land" and would "suffer for England," a daring prognostication, said by Miss Seymour to have been "clearly fulfilled in the recent anti-German riots." Our ships, it is said, will founder, and in London there will be danger "overhead," but despite these uncanny previsions of "frightfulness," we may take heart of grace for, "England is to be delivered from the foreign enemy according to Joanna's prayer." We notice that one or two of the more gloomy passages in the writings have been withheld by the editress, "as likely to cause fear," and for this thoughtful regard for our nervous susceptibilities, we are duly grateful to Miss Seymour. It seems, by the way, that one instalment of the Southcott scriptures was deposited a century ago in a box, "strongly nailed and corded," and was "commanded to remain so until sent for by twenty-four of the bishops, who will undertake to examine the contents," after which, "the scenes in England will be changed, and this will be the first enlightened, the first happy land." Any bishop interested, will please communicate with Miss Alice Seymour, at Crapstone, Yelverton, Devon.

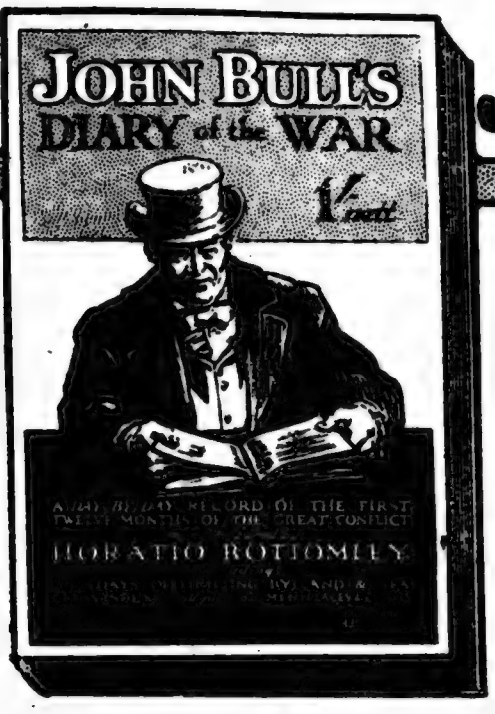
UNHOLY MATRIMONY.

JUSTICE DENIED IN THE DIVORCE DIVISION.

In a suit recently determined by Mr. Justice Horridge the defects of the existing Divorce Laws were strikingly emphasised. A wife had instituted proceedings against her husband upon the triple ground of desertion, misconduct and cruelty, and in the course of the evidence it was alleged that from the date of the marriage the respondent had behaved in a most brutal fashion. He had frequently violently assaulted her, but seems to have tired of these pleasantries, and in 1902 he deserted her and went to live with another woman by whom he had already had one child. With two children of her own to support, the forsaken wife sought employment in a factory, but the work was arduous and the pay slender, and the poor woman soon broke down in health. At this critical moment, she fell in with a naval man who, prompted by honest affection, offered to make a home for herself and her little ones. Few will dare suggest that in acceding to this proposal she was guilty of an unpardonable offence. But in matters of this kind, the law is a harsh censor, and when the harassed wife sought a divorce from her husband to enable her to marry her benefactor, Mr. Justice Horridge held that her own "misconduct" had robbed her of her right to relief. "For the sake of her children," as she pleaded, she had violated the conventions of Society, and in consequence must ever remain beyond the pale of respectability. In the face of her own lapse from the path of strict virtue, the immorality and cruelty of her husband, the blows and insults, and the final desertion passed for naught. "I do not think the husband's conduct ought to have conduced to her adultery," remarked Mr. Justice Horridge. "It is a matter for my discretion, and I cannot grant this decree." The iniquity of such a decision would be apparent to the average Kaffir.

"Everywoman's Weekly" is the paper for your wife.

On Sale Next Saturday, Aug 21



THE BOOK OF A THOUSAND FACTS

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR AT A GLANCE

John Bull's Diary of the War

John Bull's Diary of the War deals in a simple, clear and concise manner with every phase of the struggle day by day, from the fateful 4th of August, 1914, to August 3rd, 1915.

Every Battle on land and sea, every Bombardment, Air Raid, Advance and Retreat is dealt with authentically in a way which makes a most absorbing story, and refreshes the memory of events which daily have made history.

Men, Places, Kings' and Ministers' Speeches, Proclamations, etc., are all dealt with in their true perspective and provide the reader with a mass of instructive reading.

Every Briton who wishes intelligently to study the war, to compare present with past events, to see easily at a glance what happened on any particular day or at any place during the first year of the conflict should provide himself with a copy.

READ THE SPIRITED FOREWORD BY

Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

You cannot remember everything —The Diary forgets nothing!

ON SALE NEXT SATURDAY, AUG. 21

ODHAMS LTD., Publishers,

1/- Nett

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS

93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR MR. MUNITIONS,—I think you should be acquainted with the fact that the methods of the British Munitions Commission to Canada, Messrs. Barnes and Windham, have given a great deal of dissatisfaction to many hundreds of available, capable workers throughout the Dominion. After travelling long distances to undergo test as to their trades, these men—fitters turners, blacksmiths, boiler-makers, sheet-iron workers, drillers, brass-finishers, and the like—have been turned down, so I am told, without any test at all, and letters have reached me to this effect from widely separated and variable districts. Whether this is due to muddle, or to instructions from home that you have all the men you want for munition work I am not in a position to say; the fact is that in Vancouver alone, at a time when the walls and the editors and the orators in this country are shouting with frantic fervour for munition workers—when we are making an elaborate National Register with the officially-emphasised object of discovering what men are available for war work—one thousand five hundred unemployed skilled men have been almost contemptuously brushed aside. Among many other Canadian correspondents, Mr. R. H. Young, the President of the Vancouver Volunteer Mechanics' Association, who was at work long before the arrival of the Commission, has sent abundant proof of all this to me. According to one reader, "the majority of the rejected ones are on the verge of starvation"! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir R. Munro-Ferguson, G.C.M.G., Governor-General of Australia.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I note with profound satisfaction the resolution of the Commonwealth Parliament "to continue to a victorious end the struggle for the maintenance of the ideals of liberty and justice which are the common and sacred cause of the Allied nations." I understand that a similar resolution has been adopted by each State of the Australian Commonwealth, while the sentiments expressed are shared to the full in every corner of his Majesty's dominions. Thus, after a year of war, the British Empire stands four-square to the onslaught of its foes. United we advance to victory.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Councillor Price, Town Council, Ramsgate.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I see that you are trying to make your salubrious township look a little less ridiculous. Some of your fellow-councillors were badly frightened by the War Baby bogey, and were only too eager to listen in advance to scandalous slanders upon the morals of Mr. Atkins and the girls of Ramsgate. They are now not exactly climbing down, but, I should imagine, scrambling down—hurrying, hustling down, anxious to hide their addled pates; for the War Baby period just passed, compared with the similar period last year, shows exactly one more unlicensed baby than the previous number, being ten all told instead of nine. If the vicious-minded, male "old women" who prophesied an orgy of immorality are not ashamed of themselves, you are doing your best to make them so. You are telling the Council it ought to remove the ridiculous chains and boards on the front, which were actually put up as barricades to prevent some of the public seats being sat on by young men and women. Just because your Councillors got nasty notions into their thick heads, all the comfy, cosy corners have been shut off for many moons, for fear some decent young fellow might put his manly arm around the responsive waist of some bashful maiden. Of course, your prurient-minded colleagues imagined everybody—especially soldiers—to be as immodest as their own uncharitable thoughts. The lapse of time has vindicated Mr. Atkins, gentleman, and Miss Ramsgate, lady, and has confounded the prudes and prigs. I look to you, with your colleagues Councillor Prestedge and Alderman Wood, to see the railings, chains, and boards shifted without delay.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. W. Cobb, Rector of St. Mary's, Eastwood, Nottinghamshire.

REV. SIR,—It seems to me a shameful thing that the clergy should so often deprecate the moral condition of the country in which and by which they live. "The first and greatest need of all," you tell us in your Parish Magazine, "is a national awakening to righteousness, a far-spread turning to God. Of this there is yet no sign, and an unrepentant and still largely God-dishonoured people does not deserve, and is not ready, for victory." I do not know, revd. sir, how much you are nearer to God than the nation you sanctimoniously decry. Not always, you know, is the professional pulpiteer—the paid pietist—the posturing puritan—the safest, the sincerest, or the most infallible guide to other men; and when the Rector of Eastwood writes to his parishioners as though he were raised up among us, a new Jeremiah, to bewail the nation as a Babylon deserving of destruction for her iniquities, even I ask myself whether it can be really true that in the sight of the God of Battles this nation, foremost in the van of civilisation and humanity, is in fact so culpable, so wicked, as many of the priests at His altars profess to believe. As truly as any nation fought in sacred history, rev. sir, we fight as God's people for the things God loves and against the things God hates. And so I say it is a shame and a lie to represent us as "unrepentant and still largely God-dishonouring people."

JOHN BULL.

To William Chambers Leete, Esq., Town Clerk, Kensington.

SIR,—I learn that you have declined to accept a proffered gratuity of one hundred guineas from the Borough Council of Kensington. This money was to have been the reward of extra work in connection with the recent Quinquennial Valuation, but you refused to touch a penny of it, deeming the moment inopportune for such a charge upon the public funds. In short, you were anxious to "do your bit" in the common cause, and welcomed the opportunity of monetary sacrifice. For such a practical display of public spirit I have the warmest admiration. Kensington should be proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

To Tram Conductor Wright, Southend.

DEAR MR. CONDUCTOR,—I have noticed a report in the Press to the effect that you recently found a bag containing £4 in gold, and a bank-book with an entry of £20, and that upon this find being returned to the owner you were rewarded with the handsome sum of sixpence. I trust you bit it, to make sure it was a good one. But that by the way. My object in writing you is to inquire what use you intend to make of this unexpected accession of wealth. As strict economy is the order of the day, I feel sure it is needless for me to warn you against spending it in riotous living. Perhaps you had better keep it intact for a while, in case the donor might want it back. When, after a reasonable time, you have convinced yourself that it is all really yours for "keeps," to do what you like with, may I remind you that by adding nine other sixpences to it you will be able to buy a War Loan voucher and thus contribute to the coming victory?

JOHN BULL.

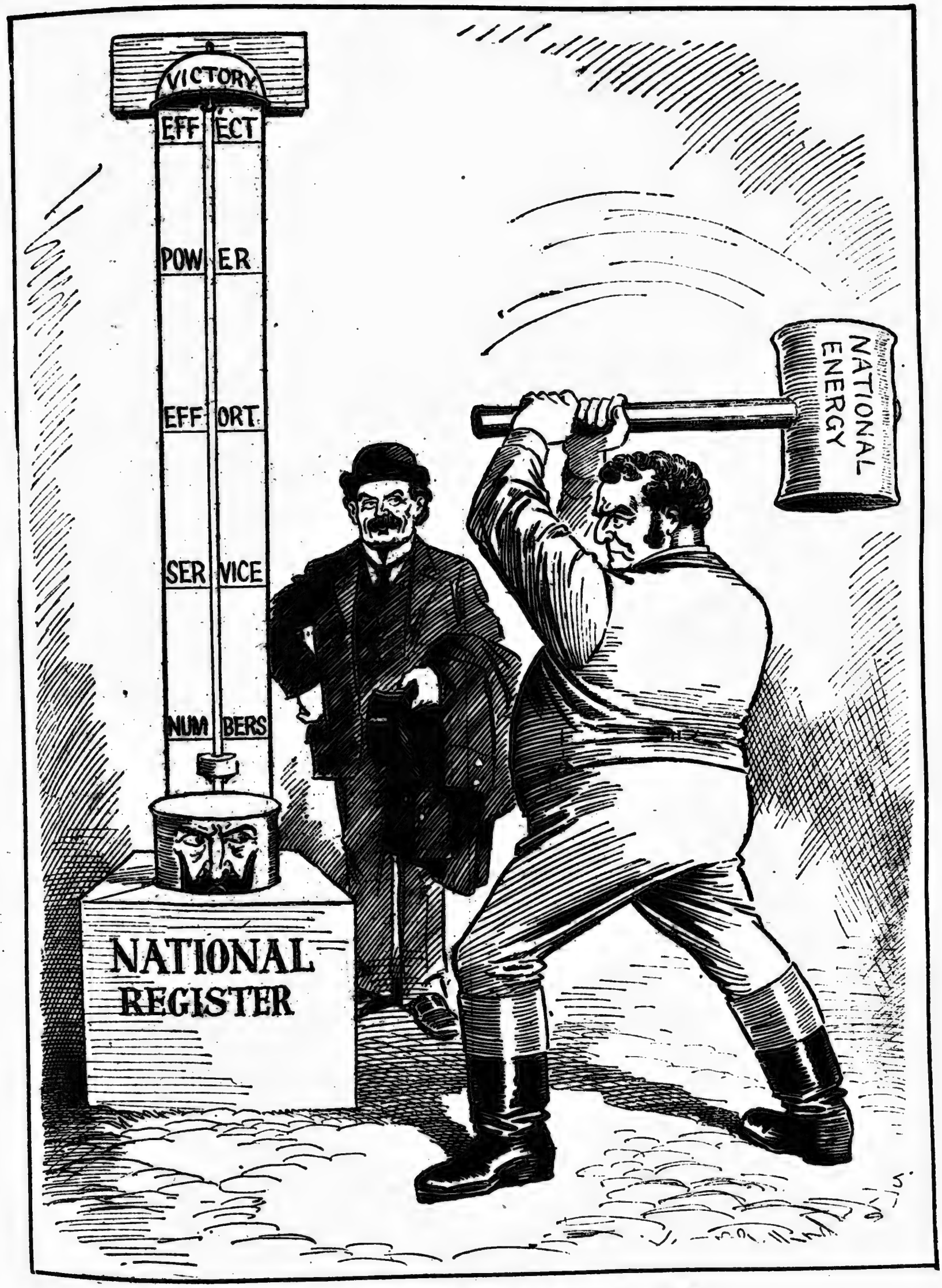
To Madame Maria Cecilia Natalie Janotha, Kaiser's Court Pianist, Somewhere-Elsewhere.

MADAME,—When I heard of your arrest and deportation the other day, you might have knocked me down with one of your hat feathers. The whole alien question in this country is such a fearful and wonderful tangle—such a mixture of espionage, mess, muddle and make-believe—that the mere fact of the Home Office arresting and deporting anybody whomsoever is a staggering revelation of decision and energy. You might let me know what you have been doing. I know you were of Polish parents in Warsaw, so that unless you have been trying to congratulate your Imperial patron, the All Highest, on his getting there, I can only surmise that you must have been annoying your neighbours by playing "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" on the piano.

JOHN BULL.

The Zeppelins have come. They will come again. See page ii of cover.

REGISTERING HIS STRENGTH.



"NOW TO MAKE THE BELL RING!"

MORE FUNNY NAMES.

OUR ARMY LIST—WHERE ARE SMITH AND BROWN?

Enormous interest was aroused by our recent publication of a list of "funny names" of permanent officials in various branches of the public service. We now give a selection of equally strange cognomens of officers in the British Army—again making it clear, as in the previous case, that we throw no suspicion upon either the loyalty or the patriotism of the various owners. But we *do* ask—where *are* Smith and Brown? We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to give the rank of each officer. For aught we know, many of those mentioned in the subjoined list may at the present moment be at the front, fighting for our country—whilst it is also possible that some have actually fallen in the field. We need scarcely say that nothing would be further from our wish than to cause a moment's pain to the relatives of such officers; and our only object in publishing the names is to emphasise the remarkable fact that so many persons of apparently foreign origin have secured commissions in our Army:—

Aufholz, M., *2nd Lt. Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).*
Bach, P. E., *2nd Lt. Yeomanry, Territorial Force.*
Backhaus, F., *2nd Lt. The Duke of Wellington's (W. Riding Regt).*
Baer, A. M., *2nd Lt. The Dorsetshire Regiment.*
Baerlein, A. A., *2nd Lt. Royal Field Artillery.*
Baumgartner, E. J. V., *2nd Lt. The South Wales Borderers.*
Becke, A. F., *Captain Reserve of Officers.*
Beirnstein, E. E., *2nd Lt. Prince of Wales's N. Staffordshire Rgt.*
Bentz, F. C., *Lt. 2nd East Lancashire.*
Bergheim, P., *Temp. 2nd Lt. Royal Garrison Artillery.*
Berlein, C. M., *Lt. Oxfordshire & Buckinghamshire Lgt. Infantry.*
Bernheim, H., *2nd Lt. Infantry, Territorial Force.*
Bernstein, J. M., *Temp. Lt. Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Bettlheim, H., *Capt.*
Bluhm, C., *2nd Lt. The Manchester Regiment.*
Blumberg, H. D'A., *Major The King's Liverpool Regiment.*
Blumenfeld, D. L., *Lt. The Essex Regiment.*
Blumenthal, A. Z., *Capt. Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery.*
Blumfeld, H. W., *Lt. The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Mllx. Regt.).*
Blumhardt, E. H. F., *2nd Lt. The Northumberland Fusiliers.*
Boin, W. B. L., *Lt. Yeomanry, Territorial Force.*
Bowchen, C., *2nd Lt. The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.*
Brandenbourg, L., *Capt. Indian Medical Service.*
Braun, C. L., *Lt. The Royal Sussex Regiment.*
Breithaupt, E. A., *Capt. Indian Army.*
Breitmeyer, G. C. A., *Capt. 7th Queen's Own Hussars.*
Bruhl, H. G. P., *Temp. Lt. Army Service Corps.*
Burmann, R. M., *2nd Lt. The Border Regiment.*
Burmester, A. C., *Capt. Territorial Force Reserve.*
Buschmann, A. K. A. M., *2nd Lt. The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment).*
Dambmann, W. J., *Bandmaster 2nd Bn. Leicester Regiment.*
Derenburg, C. J., *Temp. Lt. Army Service Corps.*
Dreschfeld, W. S., *2nd Lt. The Border Regiment.*
Eckhard, O. P., *Lt. The Manchester Regiment.*
Eckstein, B. F., *2nd Lt. The East Surrey Regiment.*
Edelstein, J. A., *Lt.-Col. South Lancashire Regiment.*
Eltzbacher, L., *2nd Lt.*
Epistein, W. R., *Lt. The Durham Light Infantry.*
Erlebach, S. A., *2nd Lt. The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).*
Frankhaussen, H. W., *Temp. Lt. Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Fleischl, C. E., *Temp. 2nd Lt. Army Service Corps.*
Francke, A. J., *Temp. Qr. Master Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Frankenberg, L., *Territorial Force Associations.*
Franstadt, L., *Capt. Royal Engineers.*
Fretz, W. L. E., *Capt. Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Freuer, W. S., *Lt. Territorial Force Reserve.*
Friedberger, W. S., *Hon. Capt. The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).*
Friedlander, A. J., *Med. Officer The Cheshire Regiment.*
Frisch, M., *2nd Lt. The Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own).*
Frischer, L. M., *Temp. 2nd Lt. Army Service Corps.*
Fuhr, R. S. H., *Lt.-Col. Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Gleichen, A. E. W., Count, *Maj.-Gen., Equerry to the King.*
Goetz, C. E. G., *Capt. Yeomanry, Territorial Force.*
Gottwaltz, L. H., *2nd Lt. Royal Field Artillery, Territorial Force.*
Grasdorff, R. W. H., *2nd Lt. The South Wales Borderers.*
Grunbaum, A. S. F., *Major Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Guterbock, P. G. L., *Capt. The Gloucestershire Regiment.*
Guttmann, C. J., *Capt. Infantry, Territorial Force.*
Hartmann, J. B. F., *2nd Lt. 11th Prince Albert's Own Hussars.*
Heinemann, J. W., *Capt. The Royal Fusiliers (C. of Lond. Regt.).*
Hertz, G. B., *Major The Manchester Regiment.*
Heitzberg, H. F. H., *Lt. Canadian Engineers.*
Herzog, F. J., *Temp. 2nd Lt. Royal Horse and Royal Field Artil.*
Hesse, H., *Major The Cheshire Regiment.*
Heumann, R., *Capt. Infantry, Territorial Force.*
Hirtzel, E. F., *2nd Lt. The Welsh Regiment.*
Hoffman, A. R. P., *Temp. 2nd Lt. Army Service Corps.*
Hoffmeister, C. E., *2nd Lt. The Dorsetshire Regiment.*
Holbach, E. O., *Temp. 2nd Lt. R. Horse and R. Field Artillery.*
Holtzappfel, J. G. H., *Lt. Infantry, Territorial Force.*
Hurtzig, A. C., *Temp. 2nd Lt. Royal Garrison Artillery.*
Hurwitz, W., *2nd Lt. The Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancashire Regiment).*
im Thurm, R. F., *2nd Lt. 18th Queen Mary's Own Hussars.*
Jungbluth, V. A., *2nd Lt. R. Horse and R. Field Artillery.*
Kauffman, B., *2nd Lt. The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Mllx. Rgt.).*
Kaulbach, H. A., *Capt. The King's Own (R. Lancaster Regt.).*
Kauutze, B. C., *Major Indian Army.*
Kirsch, H., *Temp. Capt. Royal Garrison Artillery.*
Klein, B. G., *Temp. Lt. R. Army Medical Corps.*
Kohler, T., *2nd Lt. 3rd Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards.*
Krohn, H. A., *Territorial Force Associations.*
Lehmann, F. H., *Capt. Territorial Force Reserve.*
Liebenthal, L. G., *Lt. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.*
Liebrecht, W. E., *Lt. Territorial Force Reserve.*
Liepmann, H. M., *Capt. Indian Army.*
Maschmeyer, C. S., *Temp. Capt. Army Service Corps.*
Meinertzhagen, R., *Capt. The Royal Fusiliers (C. of Lond. Regt.).*
Muller, G. G. B., *Capt. The East Surrey Regiment.*
Naumann, J. H., *Lt. The Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own).*
Nordheimer, R., *Lt. Royal Canadian Dragoons.*
Oldendorff, A. J. A., *Capt. The Kent Cyclist Battalion.*
Pfeiffer, C. W. K., *Lt. R. Garrison Artillery, Territorial Force.*
Pfeil, F. W., *Capt. Royal Garrison Artillery.*
Reichwald, W. F., *Major R. Horse and R. Field Artillery.*
Rosenberg, L. L., *Lt. The East Yorkshire Regiment.*
Rosenfeld, J., *2nd Lt. The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Mx. Rgt.).*
Rottenburg, L., *Capt. R. Garrison Artillery, Territorial Force.*
Rubenstein, J. E., *2nd Lt. The Leicestershire Regiment.*
Rucker, A. N., *Private Secretary W.O.*
Rudolf, H. P., *Lt. Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Schaeffer, P. P., *2nd Lt. The Durham Light Infantry.*
Scharschmidt, H. B., *Lt. Canadian Infantry Battalion.*
Schiff, E. W., *Lt. The Royal Sussex Regiment.*
Schiller, L. C., *2nd Lt. The Lincolnshire Regiment.*
Schlesinger, F. D., *2nd Lt. The Bedfordshire Regiment.*
Schleswig-Holstein, H.R.H. Prince F. C. C. A. of, *Hon. Col. Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment).*
Schmidt, H. A., *Temp. Capt. Army Service Corps.*
Schneider, C. C., *Capt. The Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment).*
Schoenberg, W. H., *Lt. 15th Canadian Infantry Battalion.*
Scholtz, C. J., *Temp. Lt. Royal Army Medical Corps.*
Schreiber, A. L., *Lt.-Col. Royal Engineers.*
Schuller, O. H., *Lt. The Northumberland Fusiliers.*
Schultz, A. A., *Temp. Lt. Royal Garrison Artillery.*
Schumann, F. B., *2nd Lt. The King's Royal Rifle Corps.*
Schuster, E. H. J., *Lt. R. Garrison Artillery, Territorial Force.*
Schwab, F., *Temp. Capt. R. Horse and R. Field Artillery.*
Schwalm, C. E., *2nd Lt. The Gloucestershire Regiment.*
Schwann, H., *Lt. King Edward's Horse.*
Schwarz, W. H., *Capt. Royal Engineers, Territorial Force.*
Schweder, A. A., *2nd Lt. The Sherwood Foresters.*
Schwerdt, C. F. I., *Lt. Yeomanry, Territorial Force.*
Sondheim, A., *2nd Lt. Royal Field Artillery, Territorial Force.*
Sonoronthal, E. F., *2nd Lt. The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.*
Stein, A., *Adjt. Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).*
Steinberg, E. A. J., *2nd Lt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.).*
Steinhaeuser, J. R., *Capt. Yeomanry, Territorial Force.*
Steinman, B. P., *Capt. Commands and Staff.*
Steimuetz, A. B. S., *Major Royal Engineers, Territorial Force*
Teichmann, O., *Capt. Yeomanry, Territorial Force.*
Trapmann, A. H., *Capt. Infantry, Territorial Force.*
Trautmann, H. F., *2nd Lt. The Bedfordshire Regiment.*
Trechmann, F. C., *Temp. 2nd Lt. R. Horse and R. Field Artillery.*

(We propose continuing the list in an early issue and giving illustrations from the Navy.)

"Bullets" Prizes are biggest and best. Try for the £250.

WAR CAMEOS.

By FRED T. JANE.

The mine-sweeping trawler was making an uncertain homeward course. There was a hole in her bow, stuffed up all anyhow. The look-out, utterly exhausted, had fallen asleep. The equally exhausted skipper sawed stupidly at the wheel with one hand. Only pain in the other arm, which hung limp by his side, kept him awake. And when a submarine from nowhere appeared suddenly alongside him, he was quite undecided as to whether or no he were dreaming.

"Stop!" said an authoritative voice.

He looked up then. He saw his country's flag. He rang down to his engine-room and presently the trawler came to a standstill.

"Yessir," he said.

"You must take me in tow," said the officer who stood on the conning tower. "We are disabled, and I have a message of the utmost importance for Admiral Jellicoe."

"Damn Jellicoe!" replied the skipper. "I'm fed up with this sanguinary game. I risk me life, an' no thanks from any blarsted soul in the country. They never put my picter in the papers. . . . Fed up—that's wot I am! And I tell you it straight, sir, offence or no offence."

"No offence at all, my man," said the officer kindly. "Indeed, I sympathise with you very much. So much so that I'll give you a hundred pounds to tow me to the flagship. My message to Admiral Jellicoe is of the utmost importance."

"Make it two 'undred, sir," replied the skipper.

"You're a grasping scoundrel, like all your kind," said the officer. "It's a mean trick. Still, you have me at a disadvantage, and my message is so urgent that I must agree."

"'And over then, sir," said the skipper. "'Ard words don't break no bones.' Gold? I don't like notes."

"Gold, right enough," replied the officer.

The skipper took the bag that was handed to him. He weighed it carefully with his uninjured arm. He looked inside; then he weighed it again.

"God 'elp me blanky wife and kiddies," he sobbed, "but 'ere goes!"

"You bloody German pirate! Do you think I didn't twig you?" he shouted. The gold bag descended on the head of the officer, who fell headlong into the sea. . . "Your Union Jack was upside down."

Bang, bang, bang! came a gun from the submarine. Also shouts of "*Gott strafe England!*"

"Done the blarsted Kaiser out of two 'undred quid, anyway!" mumbled the skipper, as his mangled body sank into the North Sea.

The two old ladies walked round the Maternity Ward. They talked to the young mother kindly. "Another war baby, I suppose?" said one of them.

"Yes, ma'am," replied she.

"My dear, frail young woman," said the other lady, "this is a terrible thing. But I'd like you to understand that we realise the sudden temptation to which young girls were exposed by our soldiers. Gallant lads in khaki and all that; but—well, not quite—um—er—well, you know. Still, we understand. . . . . These soldiers!"

"You needn't," said the mother. "I asked for it! I said straight to my boy—'If you gets killed, anyway I'll do something to keep the population of England going. It's up to us women!'"

"God may forgive your sin, in the circumstances," said one of the old ladies kindly.

Then the young mother broke down, sobbing bitterly. "It's only a girl!" she moaned.

Lager, please.

ALLSOPPS

No foreign Lager
for me.

CYCLES
ON EASY TERMS

This machine becomes your own property upon delivery after paying the first instalment. We rely upon your Good Faith to keep up the payments.

The "J.P." CYCLE,
£3-17-6
With four-wire Saddle.

Other Models up to **12 guineas** on same terms.

Payable by twelve monthly instalments. **No extra charge** is made for these **exceptional** terms.

Write for Specifications, forms for application, and full particulars,

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.,
117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE, AND MILK ST. BUILDINGS. LONDON.

THE DIARY OF A SLACKER ON HOLIDAY.

A SEASIDE VISIT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

1st Day.—Caught 10 o'clock train to Bournemouth. All "smokers" full up with khaki. Had to get in with lot of women and kids. Rotten journey. Couldn't smoke. Kids shouting and screaming and treading on feet most of the time. Daren't say anything, fear of having some nasty remark chucked at me about khaki. All the women appeared to have husbands and brothers fighting. Talked about nothing else. Frightfully boring. Couldn't even read in comfort. Got out at Southampton for a drink. Wanted it. Some chap in khaki taken my seat when I got back. Couldn't very well ask him to give it up, although my bag was on rack overhead. Women glared at me as if they thought I was going to. So got bag down and managed to find seat in next compartment. More khaki. Wish to goodness wasn't so tall. Luckily look a bit pale after eleven months in City. Sighed heavily, and gasped a bit when I sat down. Seemed to work. Khaki began to look sympathetic instead of sarcastic. Jolly glad to get to Bournemouth, though. Found decent diggings. First thing, landlady shows me photographs of sons and husband, nephews and uncles, in khaki. Feel like cursing khaki. Think it as well to say am down for my health. Landlady beastly sympathetic. Says how bitterly disappointing it must be to want to join up, and not be able to. Think it a well to say "Yes, it is!" Go out for stroll after tea. Plenty of nice girls about. But, good lord, what a frosty lot! All looked across the road, or in the shop windows as I came along. Didn't get a single blooming glance, let alone a smile as per usual. Plenty of girls with khaki, though. Lot of savage-looking old men about, too. Rude old devils! Made up for the girls not looking by glaring. Rotten, being glared at by old men. Tried glaring back. Didn't seem to work, somehow. Wish to goodness I looked a bit older. Mooned about round the pier, on the off-chance of picking up a decent girl. Nothing doing. Plenty of them joy-riding with khaki, though. Makes a chap feel a bit out of it. Didn't care to go on the pier to hear band. Too many women and old men—*and* khaki. So went into hotel for a drink. Khaki playing billiards. No chance of a game. Didn't care to start the electric piano. Makes a chap look a fool when he's alone. Went round to the Cinema. A bit dark there, thank goodness. Audience nearly all girls—with khaki. Pictures nearly all khaki. Didn't know whether to clap the khaki pictures or not. When I did, girl in front looked round and sneered, and said to the khaki chap with her, "Easy to clap, isn't it?" When I didn't clap, another girl looked round and scowled. Had to stand up and take hat off at God Save the King. Wish to heaven wasn't so tall, and was bald. Back to digs for supper. Heard more about khaki from landlady. Jolly glad to get between the sheets. Not much of a holiday up to now. No girl. Rotten solitary drink. And being glared at right and left.

2nd Day.—Happy thought when shaving. Would put on limp. Had to wait till got away from digs, though. Limped down Old Christchurch Road. Stopped to look in hosier's shop window. Heard one girl say to another, "Look, that poor fellow has been wounded at the front, I expect." Meaning me. Felt rotten. "Not he!" the other one answered. "He's not even tanned; and look at his hands. He's no soldier." Dropped the limping business. Saw Bottomley was going to speak at the Winter Garden. Wondered whether I should go and hear him. Decided not to. Like him on Business Government, but not much in recruiting jaws. Just remembered I wanted a soft shirt. Went into hosier's. "Shirt, sir? Yessir," said the fool behind counter. "Khaki, of course, sir? All the rage now, sir." Didn't like to say no, so bought a beastly khaki-coloured soft shirt. Nothing to do. Decided to go and hear Bottomley after all. Did. Never looked at it in that light before. Went back to digs—thinking.

3rd Day.—Fed up with Bournemouth. Caught the 10 o'clock to town, and enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers. Going to have a *real* holiday now!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

PRIVATE THE REV. P. J. LOSEBY.

Good evenin', sir . . . . Ni seevnin' . . . . 'Air cuttin'? Yessir. . . . Short? Quite so, sir. Seein' as you're in khaki, nacherally I should cut it short. In fact, I was a bit surprised to find it so long, sir, you bein' in khaki. You'll *h*excuse me, sir, I 'ope. . . . Oh, there's a *h*explanashun o' thet, is there, sir? I see, sir. . . . You'll pawdon me fur menshunin' it, I 'ope, sir. . . . Then it occurred to me fur the moment thet p'r'aps they ain't quite so pertickler about 'air bein' trim an' short in the R.A.M.C., w'ich I see you belong to, sir. . . . Oh, they are, are they, sir? I'm glad to 'ear it. A clean mind, a clean body, short 'air, an' commonsense, is wot they calls a *desideratum* nowadays, ain't they, sir? Leastways, that's *my* opinyun. . . . And I think there *is* a bit more of each of 'em knockin' erbout ter-day, don't chew, sir? . . . I think we're a clean-minded people on the 'ole, don't chew, sir? Speshully now, since the 'igh *h*ideals *h*engendered by the wore 'ave sorter got 'old of us. . . . And I reckon we keep *h*our bodies as clean as we can, in reason, don't chew, sir? P'r'aps we ain't quite so clean as the Japanese in the matter o' cloes, but they ain't *h*everythink. . . . Wot erbout short 'air? Well, sir, I think, on the 'ole, it's shorter this yer then larst at this time. It ain't thet it's much 'otter, if enny; but it's the military spirit wot's abroad, sir. . . . The force of exarmple. You don't see many men with their 'air 'anging over their collers nowadays, sir—not wot chew call men, sir. *H*as fur the increase of commonsense, thet's pritty plain, I think you'll agree, sir. . . . Wot do I call commonsense? W'y, patriotism is commonsense, fur one thing, sir. Some people reckon patriotism is simply a sorter sentiment. But it's somethink more'n thet, sir, to my mind. It's good, sound commonsense ter stand up fur a country like *h*ours, sir. . . . Thet's w'y these pacifists stand out so conspicuous jest nah. It ain't thet there's meny of 'em or thet they're of enny importance, except to their-selves. But they stand out like a lot o' lunatics in a sane community—more prominent than they're intitled to. You know 'ow *h*easy it is to pick out a black sheep in a w'ite flock, don'chew, sir? The w'ite sheep looks all the w'iter fur it, don't they, sir? . . . It's the same, I reckon, with *h*us Britishers. . . . 'Ere there's something like forty-five millyuns of us. Well, it *would* be queer if there wosn't a few barmy ones in a crowd like that, wouldn't it, sir? They make the people as a 'ole look more sane, they bein' amongst them. . . . But w'ere I've noticed a *h*increase o' commonsense as much as ennywheres *h*else, sir, 'as bin in the Church. . . . I ain't sayin' there ain't still some barmy parsons amongst the clergy, sir, wot tork a lot o' footle erbout peace, an' lovin' Germany, and other looney gab. There is, and they oughter be unfrocked in public, if it could be done decent. But fur *h*everyone o' them ther's two or three clergymen wot 'ave turned up trumps. I wos thinkin' jest now erbout the Reverend Loseby, the Vicar o' North Benfleet, Essex. . . . P'r'aps you 'aven't 'eard, sir? 'E's joined up as a private in the R.A.M.C.—yore reg'mint, sir. . . . P'r'aps you'll meet 'im. . . . Shore to? Glad to 'ear it, sir. . . . 'E must be the sorter parson wot'd do ennybody good ter know. . . . A *man*, sir. . . . Thet's wot 'e is. . . . 'e could see it ain't preachin' wot's of most *h*importance jest now, but 'elpin' the lads at the front. . . . Not psalm smitin', but 'Un 'unting—not Bible punchin', but Kayser chasin'. . . . Yes, the Rev. Loseby—*Private* Loseby, I should say—is the parson fur my money. . . . If you should come across 'im—seein' as you're both in the same reg'mint—p'r'aps you'd be good enuff ter give 'im my kind regards, an' tell 'im the John Bull Barber not fur from the 'Ouses o' Parlymint, would be proud to 'ave the pleasure of shavin' or cuttin' 'im and shakin' 'im by the 'and? . . . You will? Much erbliged! Wot? You're 'im 'imself? . . . Well, strike me pink if thet ain't a fair knock aht! . . . I'm proud to meecher, sir! . . . Thank you, sir. . . . Goo'-day, sir, an' good luck! . . . Well, I'm *strafed* if that ain't a co*h*incidence!

You cannot remember everything. Get "John Bull's" Diary of the War. 1s.

The Health winner

THE first dose of Hall's Wine will make you feel better and stronger. A short course restores long-lost health and strength—*to last.*

You cannot give a finer gift to your sick or wounded soldier or sailor friend. You cannot take a finer tonic yourself.

To every anxious overworked man or woman who cannot take a holiday, a bottle or two of Hall's Wine is not only a safeguard against breakdown, but a marvellous means of improving health, vitality and strength.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day If after taking half of it you feel no benefit, return the half-empty bottle, and we will refund your outlay.

Large Size, 3/6; Half-bottle, 2/-. Everywhere.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., Ltd., BOW, LONDON.

43

IF YOU WANT

to keep cool in hot weather eat less meat and more St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

No Advance in Price.

ZEPTO Makes Pearly Teeth.

Our teeth are still sound, and what a blessing at *our* age. Periodically we use a Zepto Pencil after we have cleansed our teeth in the usual way.

Zepto removes Tartar that your toothbrush never reaches. It prevents decay—and consequent unpleasant breath. You will be delighted to see how pearly white Zepto can keep your teeth.

ZEPTO, THE ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

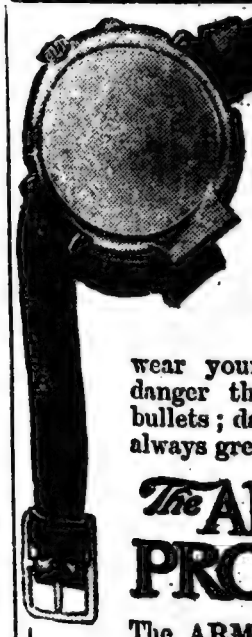
Lasts many months—costs but 9d. *Use it always for Dental Plates.*
Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from CHRISTY & CO.

T.M. SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER is prepared especially to remove all trace of nicotine, and prevent tainted breath. NO other Powder is like it, or so good for the purpose.

The best Tooth Powder for all Purposes.

Of all Chemists and Stores **6d.** per Tin, or post free from:—
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Dept. J. B.), Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

Wear your Wrist Watch in Safety in the Hottest Action.



Every Soldier needs a wrist watch to ensure accuracy in manœuvres, etc. —but there's always danger unless you wear your watch in the ARMY PROTECTOR—danger through the glint on the glass attracting bullets; danger from splinters of breaking glass; and always great danger of smashing the watch.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives perfect Safety to any wrist watch. Prevents breakage and minimises risk to the wearer.

The ARMY Wrist Watch Protector is a well-made metal Case which clasps under and over your wrist watch. A single movement opens it, and it converts the watch into a miniature Hunter. It enables your watch to be worn even *without* a glass.

Nickel and Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - from 2/6

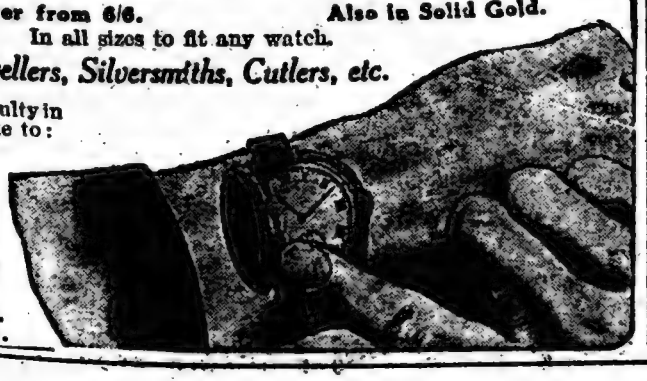
Solid Silver from 6/6. Also in Solid Gold.

In all sizes to fit any watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

In case of difficulty in obtaining write to:

SALES MANAGER:
Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, LIVERPOOL.



3/3 NATIONAL 3/3

TAILORING & REPAIRING Co
HAMPSTEAD Rd LONDON, N.W.

TOTAL COST LONDON'S LEADING YALETRY BUSINESS, **TOTAL COST**

SUITS & COSTUMES

THOUGH OLD AND WORN

ARE RETURNED TO YOU IN NEW CONDITION

They may appear to be absolutely past renovation—but our process will not only revive the colour and thoroughly clean, but will make your suit, overcoat, or costume like new. We remove every grease spot—take dust from fibres of cloth—clean by a special process—mend torn or frayed parts replace missing buttons, and finally "Tailor-press." We collect and deliver free within 12 miles of Charing Cross, or pay carriage to residents beyond, one way. 'Phone North 260.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND PRICE LIST

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A Well-known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Grey Hair and Promoted Its Growth With a Simple Home-made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her grey hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of hair, relieves itching and scalp humours, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

DRY PLATES & ROLL-FILMS DEVELOPED.

Any size up to Postcard. 1d. each. | Prints and Postcards. 1d. each.
Special Prices to Trade & for large quantities. Prompt dispatch. List free.
MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. *to* £5, *according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

We give below a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week.

A lad of thirteen, dying of consumption, and who has five brothers in the Service, wrote to us on behalf of his aged parents, who were in distress, and who work hard to keep the wolf from the door—mostly with scant success. It pleases us to fancy how the ailing lad's eyes lightened when the postman delivered our blue-crossed letter.

We cannot congratulate the officials of King Edward's Horse. Last week one of the troopers was discharged in Ireland, medically unfit. He left the Curragh with a travelling warrant to take him to London—and with the sum of eightpence to maintain him on the journey! From the camp to the railway station is a distance of four miles; this the man had to tramp during a soaking rainstorm—with the result that when he had finished a long night's journey and arrived at our office he was encased in saturated clothing. According to Regulations, he was entitled to 17s. 6d., the value of his mufti. As he had travelled 360 miles and lived on eightpence, we thought it our duty to show him more kindness than he received at the hands of the regimental authorities.

A soldier's wife placed her case before us. Her husband was invalided out, as a result of spotted fever, and, like so many others, could not get what was due from the Paymaster. Nor could he get the bounty that had been promised—this, too, a very general complaint. The spectre of famine hung over the house until we came to the rescue.

A father and mother cannot be said to have "seen" their eighteen-year-old soldier boy off to the war, as they are both totally blind. But they gave him their blessing and silently prayed that he might come back to them covered in glory. The brave young lad went down on Hill 60, and from the moment of his glorious death the dole allotted to his parents ceased. The afflicted couple mourned in darkness—and hunger—when their plight was brought to our notice, and we sent immediate help.

The widowed mother of a young naval watchdog in the North Sea is entitled to six shillings a week, on account of his allotment and separation allowance. Doubtless owing to pressure in the Pay Department, she was left without money for a month, and her letters to the Admiralty were ignored. She appealed to the Prince of Wales' Fund without satisfaction—indeed she tells us that after her experience of the methods of that body, she would "rather starve" than ask them again. We included the poor woman among our beneficiaries, and hope that by now justice has been done to her by the Naval authorities.

With everything of value pawned, suffering from illness and hunger, the wife of another victim of the Paymaster's slackness wrote to us, stating her case. "I do not complain about myself, but it is for my boy I plead. He is a very healthy little boy, and I do not want him to be hungry." We did not turn a deaf ear to the pathetic appeal.

Back from France, ill and awaiting his discharge, a soldier, whose wife is also ailing, found himself in considerable distress. His condition was not improved by the knowledge that he had repeatedly written to his Paymaster for money due to him, without having even the courtesy of an acknowledgment. He remembered our Fund, and we were able to be of material assistance.

Plunged into destitution through the death of her son at the front, a widow verging on seventy years of age was confronted with eviction, as the farmer who is her landlord wished to have her cabin. Unaware of the Pension Regulations, she thought she would be entitled to the consideration of the Chelsea Commissioners; but of course no allowance follows the death of a son. We did not permit the old lady's distress to go unrelieved.

Many cases are still brought to our notice of soldiers being discharged without civilian clothing, although they are entitled to a suit of mufti, or its value. This frequently entails great hardship, as the men cannot seek employment in uniform, and are even exposed to the danger of arrest by the civil or military authorities. In several instances during the past week we have made grants from our Fund to enable victims of this irregularity to obtain proper clothing, thus putting them on the road to enter the labour market and maintain themselves and their families.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Bullets." Winner (No. 147), £10; L. G., 10d.; "K. Bill" 1s.; W. A. F. (Tientsin), £1; H. P., 5s.; H. W. E., 10s.; The Staff of Messrs. C. and Co. (Hull), 10s.; Mrs. C. W., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. E. W., 10s.; "Feelingly," 1s.; "Pam," 10s.; The Chief and E.R.A.s of H.M.S. *Eclipse*, 15s.; I. M. O. W., 6s.; W. C. T. (Transvaal), £1; A. J. G., 1s.; "Inasmuch," £1; M. C., 4s.; S.S. *Airedale* (Sunderland), £1 9s.; W. K., 2s. 6d.; K. P., 1s. 6d.; W. W., 1s.; P. J., 8s. 3d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; Ward Room Officers, C. and E.R.A.s' Mess, H.M.S. *Cockatrice*, £1 14s.; W. W. (Grimsby), 4s.; J. C., 10s.; H. R., 2s. 6d.; A. E. M., 1 dollar; C. E. S., 1s. 6d.; W. V. M., 1s.; Mrs. V. G. C., 1s.; E. T. E. (Cairo), 2s. 6d.; "Bruce," 2s.; "Fag," 21s.; "Dunston," 4s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 6d.; G. R., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. and S. B., parcels; D. W. J., 2s. 10d.; M. C., 1s.; R. S., 1s.; A. G., 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; G. A., 6d.; "Lamp-trimmer," 1s.; J. S., 1s.; A. W. M., 1s.; W. H. R., 4s.; Pte. J. W., 1s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; "Jimmy," 6d.; D. M., 6d.; A. K., 6d.; W. W., 1s.; Orderly S., 1s.; A. H., 6d.; H. E. F., 10s. 6d.; "Juggins," 7d.; J. T. W., 2s. 8d.; L. H., 1s. 7d.; "Rae," 10s.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; G. S. (Liverpool), 1s.; A Few Coopers and Machinists (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; C. R. S., 10s.; "Mary," 2s.; A. W., 1s. 6d.; X. Y. Z., 10s.; C. D., £1 1s.; "Old Reader," 1s.; S.S. *Hazelwood*, £2 2s.; Mrs. E. B., 1s.; Collection Amazon Telegraph Company's Counter (Manaos), £3 8s. 10d.; "A Canadian Tommy" (Somewhere in Belgium), 20 francs; L. C., 1s.; A. W., 1s. 6d.; "Anon.," 2s. 6d.; P. L. M. (La Plata, Argentine Republic), £1; "Young Sympathiser," 1s.; "Ben," 3s.; S. B. (Leyburn), 5s.; A. A. (Newport), 2s.; J. W. B., 6d.; "Anti-Hun," 1s.; Mrs. H., parcel; H. S., 1s.; C. E. P., 5d.; Sapper J. B., 6d.; E. W., boxing gloves; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; J. H. W., 2s. 6d.; "A Builder" (Brighton), 1s.; "Anon." (Denton), 2s. 6d.; R. A. N., 2s. 6d.; H. T. S., 5 francs.; K. H., 1s.; G. H., 3s.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "One in the Merchant Service," 5s.; M. W. D. J. M. (Puerto, Colombia), £5; R. M., 1s. 6d.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our Fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London.—Mr. N. W. Jones, "The Colville," King's Road, Chelsea, 3s. 6d.; Mr. F. W. Weeks, "The Rose," 86, Fulham Road, 4s. 0½d.; Mr. A. C. Heath, "The Atlas," Seagrave Road, Fulham, 2s. 10½d.; Mr. J. E Crump, "Duke of Edinburgh," Crichton Street, Wandsworth Road, 2s. 11d.; Mr. W. H. Ampleford, "Adam and Eve," Kensington, 2s. 10d.; Councillor E. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 48, Broad Street, Albert Embankment, 4s. 2d.; Mrs. Marks, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 4s. 7d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 5s.; Mr. W. Carlton, "Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 7s. 6d.; Mr. A. Hopkins, "Devonshire Arms," Avonmouth Street, Newington Causeway, 2s. 10d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Cowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton Road, 3s. 1½d.; Mr. F. L. Williams, 56, Nimrod Road, Streatham, 3s. 8½d.

We pay all our Air Raid claims promptly and justly.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.

THE AWAKENING OF DENTISTS TO THE TRUE ART OF DENTISTRY.

By A. AHUMADA.

"The state of people's teeth is appalling. I doubt if there is a single normal jaw in Great Britain," says Dr. Henry Campbell, in a London contemporary. But Mr. H. Goldberg, Doctor of Dental Surgery (U.S.A.), and now of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, goes further and says: "The idea of bad teeth amongst the civilised races, and especially the white races, has grown to be considered a natural heritage of manhood and womanhood, while a complete set of false teeth is looked upon with pride as a beautiful possession, many having really firm sound teeth extracted that they may enjoy the possession of a complete set."

A True Exponent of Modern Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg is recognised to be one of the greatest experts we have to-day in Crown Bar and Bridge work; indeed, it is he who introduced to Londoners many years ago this great and forward movement in modern Dentistry.

By his own ingenious device he completely and successfully does away with "plates," which are not only uncomfortable, unsightly, and cause impediment of speech when worn, but frequently cause death to the wearers by strangulation as the result of accidentally swallowing the plate.

Mr. Goldberg's method of teeth repairing is to save every tooth, even when decayed to the root, and, by his very clever device of building up decayed teeth and linking up one tooth to the other, especially where false ones are necessary, by an invisible bridge at the back of the teeth, has successfully solved a hitherto very difficult problem. This bridge holds every artificial tooth in a "grip of steel," as it were, one that outwears the wearer should he live to the age of Methuselah.

The new system of dentisty which this wizard of the dental chair has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and inexpensive, and especially beneficial to those who value appearances. Perhaps this is one reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientele.

Teeth that Rot.

The heading given to this paragraph is perhaps bald—to many a bit repulsive—but, nevertheless, it is a condition in which cent. per cent. of the adult population of the United Kingdom will find one or more of their teeth to-day. Examine yours even now. Even though they may appear quite sound to you, the dentist, with his little probe and magnifying mirror, will detect little pinholes in them which give the warning that inside the tooth ravishing devastation is going on, laying up a store of agony for you in the very near future.

But how few of us take notice of this gradual wasting of these precious molars. No; we all put off the ordeal of the dental chair and drill until pain steps in demanding our attention. Some fly to their dentist in an effort to save the tooth, a wise if late precaution, others have it drawn.

Speaking of drawing teeth, I have always thought what great strength must be required to extract a molar. Now I know differently. As Mr. Goldberg explained it, it is skill, not brute force that is required. His demonstration was more convincing than explanation, for never have I seen or heard of a tooth leaving a jawbone with less ado, either on the part of the dentist or patient, than I actually experienced in Mr. Goldberg's extracting room. Painless? Why, the patient didn't know it. I was the patient.

But teeth-extracting is not popular with this dental expert. His mission is to repair them, preserve them, to save them, and make them perfect in every way, and, where they have been previously extracted, recklessly and wastefully, supply new ones, with Nature's exactness and perfection, but no "plates." As a parting shot the doctor gave me a message to give my readers; it was simply this: "Save your teeth," and I give it, "Save your teeth."

Mr. GOLDBERG'S HOURS are from 10—6, and his 'Phone number is Mayfair 2022.

What is your Ailment?

No charge for Prescription.

Favourite prescriptions of the leading medical men, who cure when others fail, are in the famous Shadforth Prescription Service. If your ailment is not named below send 3d. stamps for the Book of Prescriptions.

Only pay for Medicine. Prescription Free.

Depression, Shaky Nerves, Loss of Vigour. (Formula 470.)
Phosphorus, 1-100*th grain*
Nux Vomica Extract, *1th grain*
Damiana Extract, 2 *grains*
Lecithin, 1 *grain*
In one pill. Price 1/6 (36 pills) and 5/6 (144 pills).

Pallor, Languor, Hurried Breathing, Faintings. (Formula 365—Improved.) Anæmia, Chlorosis & Amenorrhœa.)
Specially useful for Anæmic brain-workers, either male or female.
Blaud Pill, 4 *grains*
Calc. Sulph., 1-36*th grain*
Aloin, 1-20*th grain*
Manganese Citrate, ½ *grain*
Nux Vomica Ext., *1th grain*
Lecithin, ½ *grain.*
Divide into 3½ grain ovals.
Price 1/- (36) and 3/- (144).

Sallow Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, Dull Eyes. (A Complexion Tonic.) (Formula 442—Improved.)
Charcoal, ½ *grain*
Dried Sulph. Iron, ½ *grain*
Calcium Sulphide, ½ *grain.*
Nux Vomica Ext., 1-16*th grain*
Gentian Extract, 1 *grain.*
In one pill. Dose: 1 or 2 pills 3 or 4 times a day. 1/- (72 pills) and 1/6 (144).
Improves health as well as beauty in either men or women. Besides removing sallowness and giving a clear complexion, it is useful in the cure of acne or blackheads, certain forms of eczema and eruptions and pimples on the face and body.

Sickness, Pains in the Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness. (Form. 2,000.)
Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home or in the soldier's knapsack.
Barbadoes Aloes, 1 *grain*
Capsicine, 1-16*th grain*
Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap, *a trace.*
In one pill, with directions.
1/1 (144), or 2/7 (432).

Stomach Pains, Heartburn, Wind and Constipation. (Indigestion.) (Form. 882.)
Contains nature's digestive juices.
Pepsin, ½*th grain*
Malt Extract, ½ *grain*
Diastase, 1-16*th grain*
Charcoal, ½*rd grain*
Cascara Extract, ½*rd grain.*
In one tablet. Dose: 2 with meals.
Price 1/- (72) and 1/9 (144).

Sour Taste, Sore Stomach, Indigestion, Wind. (Acidity & Gastric Catarrh.) (Formula 1,077.)
Bismuth Carbonate, 9.75%
Soda Bi-Carbonate, 40%
Magnesia Carbonate, 50%
Carminatives, 25%.
In 6 grain tablets.
Neutralises acidity and removes the feeling of fulness in acid indigestion.
Price 1/- (72) and 1/9 (144).
If the indigestion is very painful use formula 15 instead. 1/9 (72) tablets 3/- (144 tablets).

Loss of Weight, Thinness, Scragginess Rickets, Nervousness (Formula 552.)
(A Nerve and Flesh Builder.)
Zinc Phosphide, 1-20*th grain*
Lecithin, 1-5*th grain*
Calcium Hypoph., 1 1-5*th grain*
Soda Hypoph., 3-10*th grain*
Potas. Hypoph., 3-10*th grain*
Cascin, 1½ *grains*
Sugar, 1½ *grains.*
In one tablet. Dose: 1 to 3 tablets. Children may take half tablet.
1 - (36 tabs.) and 2/6 (144 tabs.).

Rashy Pustular Eruptions, Hard or Soft Sores, Swollen Glands. (Form. 606.)
(Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)
Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine,
Mercury Iodides, sufficient.
Mercuric Chloride, 1-64*th grain*
Nux Vomica, ½ *grain*
Stillingia, ½ *grain*
Jacoranda, ½ *grain*
Sarsaparilla, *a trace.*
Price, 1/- (36), 2/6 (144).

Stuffiness in the Nose, Loss of Smell, Dry Throat. (Formula 829.)
(Naso-pharyngeal Catarrh.)
Sodium Biborate, 10 *parts*
Sodium Bi-carbonate, 10 *parts*
Phenol, 1 *part.*
Useful in hay-fever; removes that stuffy feeling. Price 1/- per box.

Hard or Soft Corns, Painful Corns.
You cannot march to victory on corns. Get rid of them with this. (Form. 803.)
Salicylic Acid, 20%
Extract Indian Hemp, 10%
Prepared Rubber Plaster, 70%.
With directions. Price 1/-

Weakness, Nerve Starvation, Bloodlessness, Thinness, Rickets. (Formula 885.)
Quin. Hypop., 1-20*th grain*
Calc. Hypop., 1½ *grain*
Sod. Hypop., 2-5*th grain*
Hæmoglobin, 1½ *grains*
Oil of Aniseed, 1-15*th drop*
Children may have half a tablet. A food medicine for early treatment. Will prevent anæmia and a run-down condition, and give the pink tinge of health.
1/- (72), 1/9 (144).

Excessive Stoutness, Flabby Limbs, Big Stomach. (Formula 314.)
(A Successful Treatment.)
Extract of Seaweed, 4 *grains*
Potassium Iodide, ½ *grain*
Thyroid Gland, ½ *grain.*
In one pill. With directions.
Price 1/- (36) and 2/6 (144).
In addition take a saltspoonful of Marienbad salt (formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with oxgall soap (formula 986) in a hot water bath thrice weekly. (These cost 1/- each.)

Pains in Limbs and Joints, Backache Stiffness, Swollen Toes and Fingers. (Rheumatic Arthritis.) (Formula 74.)
Colchicum Ext., ½ *grain*
Blue Pill, 1 *grain*
Extract Hyoscyamus, 1 *grain*
Comp. Rhubarb Pill, 1 *grain*
Methylene Blue, 1-5*th grain.*
Useful in Gout, Sciatica, etc.
Price 1/- (72) and 1/9 (144).

Drug, Alcohol, and Tobacco Victims. (Formula 1,078.)
Quassia Extract, 1 *grain.*
Peppermint Oil, *1th drop.*
Sugar Base, *sufficient.*
With directions. You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving.
Price 1/- (72 tabs.), 1/9 (144 tabs.).

Tightness, Sore Nose, Throat, and Chest, Tightness of the Chest, Cough, (Nasal, Bronchial and Intestinal Catarrh.) (Formula 331.)
Camphor, Opium Benzoic Acid, of each 1th grain
Licorice Extract, 2 *grains*
Aniseed Oil, 1-16*th drop*
Pine Wood-Tar, ½ *grain*
Creosote, ½ drop.
In one pill. With directions.
Makes a good lung tonic for the weak-chested, especially for those recovering from colds, pneumonia, etc., who cannot get rid of their cough, or for those exposed to the weather. Not for children.
Price 1 - (72) and 1/9 (144).

Psoriasis, Scaly Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Bald Patches). (Formula 850.)
Perchloride of Merc., 8½ *grain*
Creosote, 18½ *drops*
Zinc Ointment, 2 *ounces.*
To be applied night and morning.
Price 1 - and 2/6.

Kidney Irritation, Gravel, Scalding Stricture. (Urethritis, Cystitis, &c.) (Form. 282).
Cubebs, ½ *grain*
Venice Turpentine, ½ *grain*
Copaiba Balsam, ½ *grain*
Colchicum Extract, ½ *grain*
Gravel Nut Root, 1 *grain*
Podophyllin Root, 1 *grain*
Formaline, ½ *grain.*
In one pill. With directions.
Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Prostatitis. Price 1/- (72), and 1/9 (144).

I dispense these Prescriptions post free in the United Kingdom. Postage abroad extra.

WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
(Highest Diploma, Pharmaceutical Society of Gt. Britain),
(Dept. J.B. 2), 63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

J. N. S. (Belfast).—You ask us to give you something more logical than our article "The Red Harvest." There are spiritual forces at work in this war which transcend logic. Do not make a religion of logic, which is neither thought nor reason, but merely the "grammar" of both. To-day, as a nation, we *feel* we are inspired; we do not reason by logical rule. Germany did that, and anticipated the break-up of the British Empire. Where are the fruits of *her* logic?

"NOMINA STULTORUM" (Notting Hill, W.).—Have we ever been in Germany? Full many a time and oft. You will soon know when we are to shout, and why. There is a suspicion of the Hun in your handwriting. How is that?

T. C. G. (Belfast) begs us not to be discouraged. Discouraged! Now, *do* we look like it?

"VERITAS" (Stirling) asks us to "kindly explain your antipathy to *lawyers*, please," and says we should be the last man to say anything against this profession. Goodness gracious! Why? Lawyer Party politicians were mainly responsible for the unprepared state of this country when war broke out. That is *one* of the reasons for our antipathy. The rest would fill a book.

C. H. (Burton-on-Trent).—It matters little what Winston Churchill and ourselves have said concerning Lord Haldane, or how much we differ on that subject. That nobleman, as you call him, has condemned himself out of his own mouth, by confessing that he was aware of Germany's belligerent intentions at the time he was assuring the country that the German menace was a myth.

"VENGEANCE" (Leeds).—There is no doubt that the pressure of public opinion can do much. No sooner was it exerted than the Government took rather more stringent measures with the aliens in our midst. Had the public remained quiescent on this matter, no doubt by now the German swine who pollute our country would have received the thanks of Parliament for doing us the honour of remaining with us during the war.

"BELGIAN CONSTANT READER" (Winchmore Hill).—Belgians are certainly allowed to compete in our "Bullets" Competition—the more the merrier. But no Germans, Austrians or Turks!

C. H. (Aldershot) and OTHERS.—You cannot obtain a commission by purchase—the system was abolished soon after the Crimean War. You should apply to the War Office for an application form and fill it up as instructed. We wish you luck.

J. R. (Hackney).—The British pro-German pacifists state that our country is in favour of expanding bullets and asphyxiating gases. This is what is called a damnable lie. Great Britain and all her Allies signed the treaty against their use. This is proved by the records of the Hague Convention, and is embodied in the British Manual of Military Law.

Miss A. J. (Boscombe).—It is startling to learn that, while Bournemouth is black o' nights and nobody dares light a candle in the coal-cellar for fear of fines, Dover has lights "all over the place, and on the front in lots of houses, and nobody seems to be fined for it." Yet Dover is a town of much importance.

J. K. COLLETT (Penarth).—Your pamphlet, entitled "An Empire Without Taxes and Practically Without Rates," received. Book us half-a-dozen free seats (the front row, if poss.) for your Millennium.

"REGISTRATION" (Malton) is anxious to know why Ireland was omitted from the Registration Bill. So are we.

W. N. (S. Tottenham).—What on earth does it matter whether the Zeppelin took 7 or 20 seconds to fall from a height of 6,000 ft.? It *fell*—that is the main thing.

H. S., Jr. (Belfast).—It is true that Lord Haldane, when Minister for War, reduced the strength of the standing Army, but not by 300,000 men. That would have reduced our standing Army out of existence, as it did not number much more than 250,000 men. The figure was 30,000.

C. H. S. (Marlow).—Your epistle is more than a yard long. It is evident that, for the time, the Munitions Minister has more men enrolled than he can absorb.

W. G. M. W. (Lytham).—All the information we possess as to the height of the Grand Duke Nicholas is derived from the German cartoons, from which we should judge he is about 11 ft. 11 ins.

"A PACIFIST WHO IS PROUD OF THE FACT" (Birmingham) sends us three foolscap pages of the utter rot one would expect from such a source. We have disposed of it suitably.

A. F. B. (Stokesley) thinks it hard that the rules of the Church forbid the clergy to fight. But there is an easy way out for patriotic curates—they can give up their holy orders and don khaki like men, as many already have done.

"COURTEOUS LAD" (Ipswich).—We leave it to *Everywoman's Weekly* to settle questions of etiquette. We deal in common-sense. Meeting a lady acquaintance and wishing to speak to her, we would not hesitate to address her first, though sticklers for etiquette might hold up their holy hands in horror at the idea. We might even dig her in the ribs if she didn't see us.

PTE. C. J. (Sunderland) wants a badge to show he is a discharged soldier who has "done his bit," and we don't blame him. He was shot through the left arm, which is now useless, but he manages "to get it put into his trousers pocket." He must take care it does not get put into somebody else's.

G. L. (Merioneth).—If we were you, we should be in khaki before you could say "*Deutschland unter Allies.*"

"CONSTANT READER" (London, S.E.), with all the heroic courage of the anonymous, addresses us as "Modest Sir," and urges us to reconsider our decision *not* to join the new Ministry, feeling sure that Mr. Asquith or Mr. Bonar Law would be only too pleased to retire in our favour. That goes without saying. But we are very busy outside just now.

T. H. (Westcliff) charges us with condemning the whole Church. We plead Not Guilty. We occasionally trounce some of the whited sepulchres who disgrace it, and shall continue so to do as occasion arises.

PTE. W. T. (Whitchurch).—Your verses would not be likely to buck up the shirkers. Quite the opposite.

"ANONYMOUS" (Lowell, Mass.).—Madam, you were suffering from excitement when you indited your letter. Perhaps you will write us again when your palpitation has subsided and you have recovered your wonted calm. It is all very well for you to remind us of the command to love our neighbour as ourself, but we find it very difficult to work up even a show of affection for the sharks who prey on simple Britishers.

S. C. M. (Rotherhithe).—Congratulations on your having donned khaki. You are now doing your bit to crush the beast, "dreadful, terrible, strong exceedingly," of which you, *and* Daniel, write so entertainingly. We are not interested in the latter's prophecies, *qua* prophecies. We are content to await the event.

"ALMA" (Westbourne Grove, W.).—Don't worry. You'll know all about Business Government before very long, when the idea is put to a practical test, from which it must emerge triumphant.

K. W. (Liverpool).—You claim to be one of the "numerous friends" of the Rev. Donald B. Fraser, and you think it was "mean and dastardly" on our part to call him a crazy crank "when he dares to speak the Truth, which he certainly does in all sincereity." You wish there were more like him—and we are sorry there are a few.

F. C. (Belfast).—We certainly approve the action of the Hibernian Church Missionary Society in investing £2,100 in the War Loan, instead of using the money to purchase office premises. The cash will be useful where it is.

G. H. D. (Hull) says that, though there is gross waste in some camps and billets, there are others "where there is a scrap to get a bit, and the strongest and most wolfish get the most."

C. A. (W. Kensington).—It all comes to this: A bad mistress does not deserve a good servant, and, in our opinion, seldom gets one.

A complete compendium of all War facts. See our Diary of the War.

C. E. C. (Lymm) thinks that there are far too many Belgians of fighting age in this country. That matter is one for the Belgian military authorities.

MRS. R. S. (Hull).—Police Court report from *Hull Daily Mail* received. As you correctly remark, we "do not often hear of three men and a goat." The printer should have spelled it with a b.

W. R. W. (Demerara) says "the Germhun brute's gospel is 'I may kick you, but you may not kick me.'" That's about it.

"GOSPEL TRUTH" (Grimsby).—It is a thundering shame for the opposition shop to try and prevent the poor widow from selling firewood at three bundles a penny.

A. L. (*Insurance Times*).—Your Bad Ballad is rather good.

CAPTAIN H. (Cornwall).—All sympathy in the loss of your son, whose last words were, you tell us, "Mother, I've finished my bit; I die for my country and you." Evidently the worthy son of an adorable mother.

"VICARAGE" (Keswick) believes that "in the camps, as brothers in arms, young clerics would have more influence than as Army chaplains." It may be so.

H. E. R. (Brixton).—Clearly a muddled business. The postal authorities should not have taken up your references unless they had practically decided to employ you.

R. B. C. (West Norwood).—A compliment indeed to name your baby boy "John Horatio" as a token of your esteem for us Hope he does not make a scream about it.

K. C. (B.E.F.).—You say: "I was horribly surprised that the Canadian was treated like that, but I'm not surprised." Which is it—surprised or not surprised? That is the question. Good luck and a safe return!

X. Y. Z.—Don't come to us with anonymous laudations of an interned Hun. You say you think we wish justice done both to friend and foe. To friends, by all means, and to honourable foes also. But where noxious vermin are concerned, the question of justice does not arise.

C. H. P. (Glamorgan) sends us cutting of a letter from the *Western Mail* beginning "Sir,—May I suggest that priests of the Church of England should make more use of their cassocks. They ought do this rot only when carrying out their parochial work, but at all times." Funny folk, printers, aren't they?

WILL SOME SYMPATHETIC READER send a few old novels or magazines to John Hunter, 2, Elm Grove, Dalton Street, Wilmington, Hull, who is suffering from acute phthisis?

"INQUISITION" (Liverpool) has "composed a comic song, and would like to know what steps to take to have it protected." We suggest it is the composer who will need protection. He should take out a life insurance policy, get someone to sing the song, and wait for the worst.

"ANXIOUS" (London, S.W.).—How do you know that the man who walks out with her has not "the least idea in the world of ever marrying" your daughter? We cannot recommend private inquiry agents.

"MERSONBY" (Ipswich).—No official report of the alleged sinking of the *Audacious* has appeared in any newspaper.

F. B. (late H.M.S. *Goliath*) asks us to convey his thanks to H.R.H. Princess Mary for her Christmas gift, received by him on June 4th last, which we hereby beg to do.

X. Y. Z. (Cheapside, E.C.).—Oh, yes, we had already noted that Richard S. Field, one of "Cap'n" Rand's understudies in the "Lucky Stone" ramp, now operates from 9, Sun Street, Finsbury Square. He is not the first sharper to make use of that address.

"A WORKING MAN'S FRIEND" is convinced that many a man detained in the Middlesbro' Mental Hospital is "as sane as any Member of Parliament who takes his seat in the House of Commons." We would go further, and say more sane than some M.P.s we could mention.

A WORKING GIRL tells us she is "making nosebags for the coverment at 3s. 9d. a dozen and out of that 2s. 1d. for thread, which only does 2 dozen and the average 2 dozen a day is what we can do." Well, that works out at 32s. 6d. a week, doesn't it?

G. C. (Belfast).—We have uttered no denunciation of German music, so your surprise that we should "hold such an opinion about the Divinest Art" is of your own creating. *Our* surprise is that British musical conductors should possess such poverty-stricken repertoires that apparently they cannot dispense with German music! Otherwise, surely patriotism—or, at least, respect for the feelings of patriotic Britishers who are not abject and slavish worshippers of Wagner—would urge them to give German music a rest during the war.

D. F. (Hull).—The best way to cure round shoulders is to join the Army.

"ENQUIRER" (Edinburgh.—*Everywoman's Weekly* (or *Mary Bull*) coupons are still available for the purchase of a JOHN BULL fountain-pen.

N. H. R. (Wigan) took one of her five-years-old pupils by surprise when his thoughts were obviously far away, by asking him what the angels sang on Christmas night. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," he replied, quite seriously. It is easy to guess where that little Briton's thoughts were.

"HAL O' THE WYND" (Perth).—We congratulate you upon your flow of invective. "You raving swine, you can't speak the truth" is distinctly good. You must have slept with a German at some time or other to acquire such fluency in abuse.

E. A. J. (London) asserts that the motor drivers at Queen's Park depot have such an easy time, and are so well cared for, that they turn up their noses at stewed steak and tomatoes for dinner. The epicurean sybarites!

"BULLITE" (W. Ridgyard, 49, Linsey Street, Bermondsey, S.E.) is an ex-Leading Stoker, R.N., and would be thankful to receive a few magazines from some of our kind readers who can spare them, as he is confined to bed with locomotor ataxy.

T. R. S. (London, S.E.) tells us that not only Harrogate, but Plumstead also, is pestered with hedge-creeping old maids, who spy on Tommy when out for a stroll with his girl. One of the despicable breed accosted a young couple recently with the startling words: "Ain't you two young people ashamed of yourselves? It is time you were both home in bed!" Ahem! Oh, yes, the Russians are wonderful!

"NEMO" (London, N.).—We do not see that it is any hardship for Post Office Savings Bank depositors to have to withdraw their money in the usual way if they wish to reinvest it in the War Loan. Nor is the Post Office's statement that "there is plenty of time" anything to take exception to. It means there is no need for panicky investment.

JULES DE CRAENE, late of rue de Lille 145, Menin, Belgique, now at 8, Victoria Street, Perth, Scotland, is anxious to hear from or of his wife, Mme. Josina de Craene, last heard of at Menin, September 26th, 1914. French and Belgian papers please copy.

G. R. W. (India).—We are surprised that certain Indian newspapers should still advertise German products.

"THOMAS ATKINS" (Rouen).—The groat, or 4d. piece, is still included amongst the authorised coinage of the United Kingdom, but is now issued only on special occasions. Can't say where you can obtain a photograph of the good ship *Botanist*, of Belfast. How is the Café Victor looking?

"PANSY."—The two pansies arrived safely, rather flattened, but fresh, and brought us much heart's-ease. But we must beg of you not to address us as "darling." There is no telling who might get hold of your letter.

C. P. (Leicester).—We sympathise with you in having to live so close to a pro-German, and pork butcher to boot, not to mention his being a crony of Ramsay von Macdonald!

H. G. (Belfast).—Let the rigidly releegious, unco guid hypocritical humbugs who think it a sin to visit the theatre, to admire physical beauty, and indulge in a hearty laugh, stew in their own sour juice. Get as much reasonable enjoyment out of life as you can—when the war is over—and you will be the better citizen for it.

G. A. (Goodmayes).—Your letter is vulgar, and your contempt for women does you no credit. We desire no further correspondence from you, whether you write from Goodmayes, or from Ilford as B. McP.

F. C. (Portsmouth).—Why write such lugubrious verses? The war is bad enough without your inflicting greater misery upon us.

"IS IT FAIR?" (Plymouth).—How can we say what became of the cigarettes you sent to your brother in India? But we will hazard a guess that they have ended in smoke by this time.

"A BRITON" (Notting Hill) writes a postcard in favour of "hedge-creeping" as a moral agent. Thus do the prurient minded justify their peeping.

E. G. E. (Southampton) asks what we think of Mr. Ginnell, M.P. "Some thoughts must ever go unspoken," as the song says.

"ANXIOUS" (Warrington).—Alsace-Lorraine, called by the Germans "Reichsland," is one of the 26 states which comprise the German Empire. It is shortly to become once more a "department" of France, however.

J. W. (Willesden Green).—It was a very good notion of yours to send Davis and Co., the Denmark Hill "Pawnbrokers," a post-dated money order, so that you could stop payment if the goods did not come up to your expectations. But we think it a far better idea to send them no money at all.

L. B. (London, W.C.).—We certainly think equity demands that clerks should be paid for their overtime, whether employed by the National Amalgamated Approved Society or anybody else.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

We have now paid 152 Air Raid Claims.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

Three Tips.

Numerous men write asking if they can take their discharge on the termination of their service. Any man may claim his discharge on the expiration of his extra year, or he may elect to re-engage until demobilisation. We trust that the numbers who re-engage will exceed those who go out into civil life in the present crisis.

Parcels for the men of the Expeditionary Force are sent at inland rates, if addressed care of the Forwarding Officer at Southampton. But it should be noted carefully that only parcels *exceeding* eleven pounds in weight are so forwarded. Parcels under eleven pounds are treated as "gifts to the troops in general," notwithstanding that they are addressed to soldiers in particular.

Many correspondents ask if they may still send food and other stuffs to the interned men in Germany enclosed in tins. Within the past few days a regulation has been issued once more permitting the tins, although when before allowed it was clearly proved that they were afterwards manufactured into hand grenades by the enemy.

About Leave.

It is time for a general order on the subject of leave governing all units to be issued. In some regiments the scale is such that the men are satisfied, and as a result are willing soldiers; in others, evidently, the Commanding Officers are curmudgeons and place the spurred heel hard down on the necks of the men. This is a Prussian trick, but it does not work with the British born. We commend the matter to the attention of the Army Council.

Proficiency Pay.

In the name of Heaven, when will we be honest with the boys? Thousands and thousands of them are entitled to proficiency pay, and cannot get it, and when they ask if they may appeal to the higher authorities for justice they are told that if they do so they will be liable to court-martial—which may frighten new men, who are easily intimidated, but will not work with the old hands. When will those who are spending tens of thousands of pounds on recruiting posters and recruiting meetings realise that their own actions are the drag on the wheel? We shout for men; the negligence and dishonesty of the Jacks in Office are the main factors that keep the so-called "slackers" back. The word of the man home on furlough, or the letter from the fellow in camp, have a considerable influence on the chap who would don khaki if he believed that all would be right and according to promise.

Our News Bureau.

We are glad to be able to state that, through the medium of this column, we have put several relatives in touch with missing men, whilst it has also been our melancholy duty to inform anxious inquirers that some of those wanted had been killed in action, the intelligence being conveyed to us by their comrades, though no official notification of the deaths in question had been issued.

Information Wanted.

Can any of their comrades give us news of the following men: Private James R. Thompson, 8,097, 1st Loyal North Lancs Regt.; Jim Kelly, late of the Bullcroft Colliery, enlisted in Naval Brigade; Drummer J. Winder, 10,322, 1st R.W. Surreys; Sergt. W. Pritchard, 111, A Co., 3rd Mons, and R. J. Pritchard, 1,653, 3rd Mons; Lce.-Cpl. G. Green, 4,059, 4th Royal Fusiliers; Private Gavin, B Co., K.W., 171, O.S., 6 Plat., R.N.D.; Lce.-Cpl. L. Jenkins, 7,814, 1st S. Wales Borderers; Pte. Gordon C. Green, 3rd Batt. 1st Infantry Brigade, 1st Can. Contingent, C Co., 11th Platoon; Pte. David Rothery, 2,812, D Co., K.O.Y.L.I., 2nd Batt.; William Denny, 2,019, 12th Batt. Australian Infantry; Pte. Y. Alderman, 8,082, 1st Dorsets; Bombardier J. Wallace, 37,313, 27th Brigade R.F.A.; Pte. Michael Talbot, 8,415, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers; Lce.-Cpl. Arthur Thomas Powell, 1,939, B Sqdn., Leicestershire Yeomanry; Pte. J. C. Evans, 2,988, Z Co., 10th Liverpool Scottish; Pte. A. H. Thomas, 4,164, D Co., 8th Batt. Middlesex Regt.; Pte. Harry Lambert, 821, G Co., 6th Batt. 1st Australian Contingent; Pte. J. C. Ross, 2,852, Y Co., 9th Platoon, 10th Batt., Liverpool Scottish.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

DARDANELLES.

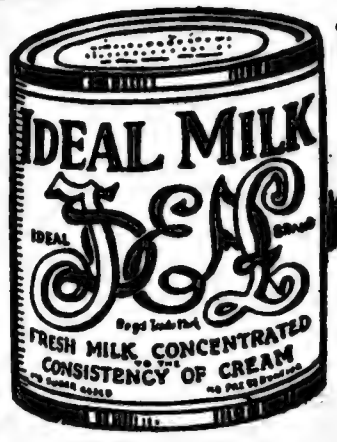
The Cornstalk found it sultry
  When he went to fight the Turk,
But, hot with indignation, he
  Was warming to the work;
And first he shed his khaki coat,
  And then he sloughed his vest,
Then, getting down to Nature's self,
  He stripped his manly chest;
He seldom wore his boots at all,
  Bare-footed he would go,
He said he wasn't needing socks—
  He'd give 'em to the foe!
His trousers he cut down to shorts,
  And, nearly naked then,
The Turk looked on the Cornstalkers
  And saw that they were *men!*
They are handy with the rifle,
  And their big guns drop "some" shells,
They can do a lot of spade-work
  In the 'Nelles—the Dardanelles;
And the Turk he shakes his solemn head,
  And each to t'other tells
That they wish those big Australians
  Hadn't come unto the 'Nelles—
For it's shells and yells and little hells
  In the Darda-Dardanelles!

Now the Cornstalk has a brother,
  Who's the big New Zealand kid;
He came to help the contract—
  Turkey's sorry that he did;
He arrived without a welcome,
  And they wished he'd go away,
But he planked his foot down on the shore
  And said he'd come to stay.
He's got a mighty fist on him—
  Lord help the Turk he biffed!
They tried to blow him back again,
  But found he wouldn't shift;
His feet they don't turn backwards—
  'Tis a route he's never gone,
The more they try to push him out,
  The more he pushes on;
He says he doesn't like the Turk,
  He's nasty, and he smells—
There'd be sweeter air without him
  In the 'Nelles—the Dardanelles;
And so he hunts the vermin
  On the cliffs and in the dells,
In time with gentle "Lizzie's" voice
  That screeches from the 'Nelles—
Oh, the shells and yells make little hells
  In the Darda-Dardanelles!

You put the two together,
  As a couple they're a treat,
Hard as nails and tough as leather,
  Too deuced hard to beat!
They've settled down in Turkey,
  For with steel they pegged a claim,
They have christened their new country,
  And "Anzac" is the name—
Which stands for that Australian
  And that New Zealand chap,
A name they made up in their heads—
  It wasn't on the map,
But now, by gum! it's written there
  In blood, and will remain;
A new name, printed deep, no Turk
  Will e'er erase again!
Let us remember Anzac
  And the glorious tale it tells,
How Britain from the Overseas
  Came to the Dardanelles—
To the shells and yells and little hells
  Of the Darda-Dardanelles!

Ricardo.

Send a "John Bull" Pen to your friend at the front.



For the Sunny Days!

Ideal Milk-and-Soda is one of the most delightful summer drinks imaginable.

Add 3 or 4 parts of Soda Water to Ideal Milk and you have a deliciously creamy, refreshing and sustaining beverage, far better than ordinary milk and soda, which is too thin and watery.

Ideal Milk is simply the richest cows' milk from which a part of the water is evaporated. The tin is then carefully sterilised and thus freed from all bacteria. Diluted, "Ideal" excels dairy milk for every purpose, undiluted, it replaces cream.

Ideal Milk—the Everyday Milk

Large Tins 6d., of all Grocers.

Write for a copy of the interesting booklet, **"Two Milkmaids and an Ideal,"** *sent post free on application to*

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

Contractors to the British Army and Navy.

THE **New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Pen.**

In great demand.
Fills a long-felt want.

12/6 and upwards.

It's a **Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

Fills instantly. Simply dip nib in ink, raise lever and press home. Of all Stationers and Jewellers. Ask to see it.

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

PILES CURED BY TAKING "PYLITNA" POWDERS.

A GENUINE CURE.

Hæmorrhoids or Piles are occasioned by the disordered functions of the system; the application of external remedies may alleviate but cannot remove the cause, and patients are often told that a surgical operation is the only cure.

A Doctor says:—"Gave patient Six Pylitna Powders and found Piles had disappeared within a week."

A Chemist says:—"It is the best remedy I have met with in all my 50 years' experience with Doctors."

These powders are taken in a little warm milk or water and are quite harmless. Of all Chemists at 2/9 per box, or from the Proprietors.

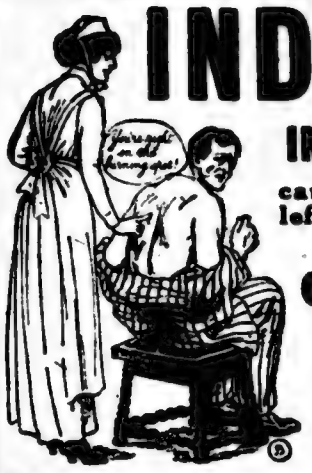
"PYLITNA," 3, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.

10-inch Double Records 6/6 a Dozen

For full particulars and list write

Holborn Sale and Exchange, 25, Red Lion Street, Holborn, London.

A postcard with your name and address and the words "John Bull" will be quite sufficient



INDIGESTION

IN STOMACH & BOWEL

causes that BURNING SPOT behind the left shoulder blade with ACIDITY & DEPRESSION

COMPLETELY CURED BY CICFA.

K. E., of Lewisham, writes.—"I have intended writing you, but have been waiting to make sure I am cured. It is weeks now since I finished my second tube of Cicfa. I have taken none since, and I have had no return of the indigestion in either Stomach or Bowel, so I can safely say I am cured. I shall always bless the day I wrote for your free sample. The second day of taking Cicfa I felt a trifle better, and now I feel ten years younger. Previous to taking Cicfa I was in such a bad state of depression and misery I used to wish I had courage enough to poison myself. I could not eat or drink anything and keep it down for long. I used to hate going out anywhere, as I had such an INTENSE BURNING PAIN BEHIND MY LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, and the acid would suddenly rise into my mouth and I would vomit. I often turned so giddy, too, that I would have to clutch anything near me, and in the morning getting out of bed I have fallen many times. I tried all sorts of things and all kinds of treatment, but I got into such a low state that nothing did me any good until I took Cicfa. I tell everyone I hear of having indigestion how Cicfa cured me, and my advice to all Indigestion sufferers is: 'Don't wait and put it off, but get Cicfa at once and try it for yourself.' Believe me, gratefully yours, K.E."

Read carefully, and you will understand why K. E., of Lewisham, feels so grateful. When death seems preferable to sufferings caused by Indigestion they must be hard to bear. That burning pain behind the left shoulder blade, that burning acid frequently rising in the throat, that giddiness so severe as to cause stumbling and even falling, and that profound depression and feeling of unutterable misery were all directly caused by Indigestion in Stomach and Bowel.

Nothing brought relief till Cicfa was taken, because there is no remedy except Cicfa, which contains what Nature requires to ensure digestion of the food in both Stomach and Bowel. But Cicfa brought immediate relief, and very soon a complete cure. The reason is simple. It is this: Cicfa contains exactly what is needed to start digestion of all the Albuminous food, such as eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and also what is needed to immediately start digestion of all the Starchy food like bread, potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the Bowel, and also to cause digestion to continue till all the food is completely digested in both Stomach and Bowel.

The fact that over 9,000 British Doctors have used Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us privately of the splendid results they have obtained by either taking Cicfa themselves, or prescribing it, is proof that Cicfa does not belong to the class of what is known as "Patent Medicines," and is indeed a wonderful combination of Digestive Ferments.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives which upset it, not by Dieting with consequent Starvation which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to assist Digestion because Cicfa alone contains these natural Digestive Ferments, which, when present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain.

WARNING. Let no person impose upon you by selling you any one of the 47 worthless imitations of Cicfa (at 6d. or 7½d.) now on the market.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion. Cicfa is the only cure.

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1/1½d. & 2/9d.

Get Cicfa NOW, or TEST IT

—ABSOLUTELY FREE—

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon, and one penny stamp for postage and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

CAPSULOIDS (1909) Ltd., 8a Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

John Bull, 21/8/15.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

BY EUGENE CORRI.

Much to my regret, I was unable to be among the rare sportsmen who foregather from time to time at the Liverpool Stadium, and to officiate as referee at the contest between Sergeant Johnny Basham and the other soldier, Dai Roberts, last Thursday night. The fact was I could not so fashion my programme as to spare the time to go North. In my place, my old friend Tom Dunning was referee. There were, I am told, any number of good people at the ring-side, and the managers are to be congratulated on providing such a handsome programme. It is to be regretted, however, that the big affair did not reach half the full distance, Roberts, who really believed that he could stop the lightning-like Basham, being knocked out in the seventh round by what appears to have been the first hard punch. The deduction I make is this—Basham is unquestionably the very best welter-weight champion we have had for years, and I do not think there is any man to beat him. It will be remembered, perhaps, that he made Tom McCormick look very much like a novice when he met him at the N.S.C. last season—and we know that McCormick is no novice, though he is nothing like the fine boxer he was before he went to Australia. I am disappointed in Roberts; I expected him to do better. However, congratulations to Basham who, if he comes through the war, should make quite a fortune out of the ring. He is a nice, sensible young fellow, and as clever as they make them, and that is all.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Of all professed Christians give me one who is avowedly and uncompromisingly of the muscular variety—*the* man in the literal sense. For then he is both good and strong and, better than all, broad-minded. Such a one was the Rev. F. E. B. Hulton-Sams, who has been killed while serving as a lieutenant with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. There have been few, if any, better feather-weight boxers at Cambridge than poor Hulton-Sams; three years did he beat the best that Oxford could put against him. He loved fighting; to him life was a fight—a grind in which valour counted for everything. It did not matter very much to him when he was winning renown as a boxer who his opponent was; he would set about him right away.

There were no half-measures about Hulton-Sams, and we said very truly that he *was* "The Fighting Parson," no make-believe—the genuine article he was. And yet, though he was so fond of a "scrap," he was the type of man who would walk round a spider rather than hurt it; he was a kind man, but he hated flabbiness. A man to him was a good, wholesome, faithful, clean-living animal who liked, and would work for, his fellow-creatures.

No side, no "swank," was there about this cleric; he was of the people. For them he worked, and with them he played, and there were many sad hearts when, after being curate for three years at St. Paul's, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, he left for Australia to join the Bush Brotherhood at Queensland. "Down Under" he gave his breezy, manly personality full play, and throughout the Commonwealth he was known as "The Fighting Parson"; he would put on the gloves with the boys and take his gruelling with the best of them. And so he won everybody to him. Well, war broke out, and being refused an Army chaplaincy, for which he applied, he doubled back home and joined the 3rd Bedfordshire Regiment as a private. He rose to be a Lance-Corporal, and last November was given his commission. He is dead now, and his commanding officer writes—"His death has caused a gap which can never be filled."

Hulton-Sams, you died as you lived—fighting, fighting for all that was dear to you. You fought for right, for cleanness and for chivalry. We shall miss you as the old boys of Cambridge, the men in the Midlands, the "toughs" in the Bush will miss you.

I have heard from my eldest boy, who has been badly bayoneted while serving with the Australian Force at the Dardanelles. He tells me that when he was nicely settled in hospital he was given a copy of JOHN BULL; the nurse, with a merry twinkle in her eye, saying, "Read what your father has to say about boxing. You'll enjoy yourself"!

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Last week's meeting at headquarters was more interesting than important. Thursday's Stayers' Handicap consisted mostly of Cesarewitch candidates, but the running in these events must not be taken too seriously pending the publication of the weights on September 2nd, when those for the Cambridgeshire are also due. I am "well on the track" of one or two stables, in search of the "double," but shall give some hints on the subject in the SPECIAL at an early date, and I shall make every effort to "plump" for them both as I did in 1909, when Joe Plant scored the sensational and clever success from Dibs on the almost unthought-of SUBMIT, starting at 33–1, and when CHRISTMAS DAISY came out and won the Cambridge at 100–7 from the more fancied Mustapha—on which occasion one or two prominent layers were very severely "hit."

Racing this week is confined to Ireland again, the only meeting for which I have any weights at the time of writing being Miltown Malbay, on Wednesday, when the following may go close:—Visitors' 'Chase, W.H.L. (or VA VITE); Stewards' 'Chase, TREATY STONE; Claro Plate, GRISANNA (or SILVER FLY). I hope all readers had a good win over BLACK WALNUT (10–1) last week, which kept us seven points to the good again on the two days. The popular Leopardstown meeting, on Saturday and Monday, must be left to "THE SQUIRE'S" SATURDAY SPECIAL (6d.), obtainable at all newsagents every week-end, or post free from the Publishers, Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C. Mark envelopes "SQUIRE."

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Would you please mind putting this in your paper? Why the Police don't want to take me in camp after giving up my buisiness for the protection of an English Landlord and his family are they frightened that my wife may go to the Catholic Priest that he might give recommendation to the Police that she may visit the camp and bring for two or three pounds worth of things away with her even to a crystle Christmas Tree they tell me to be ready by ten o'clock in the morning and come at night to tell me I am not wanted that I shall go in the workhouse with my six children."

"Having been a reader of your valuable paper for quite some time I would be pleased as well as a few more in Leicester if you could publish the results of the Cycle racing that is run off every Sunday, weather permitting in the Veledrome, Newark, New Jersey U.S.A. I think it would greatly increase the sale of the paper, as there are Hundreds of people here alone, as well as other parts of England that have been abroad and Interested in the game."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JAMES GIBLIN, 79, Havelock Street, Preston. July 24th. 629,285.
JOHN SLADE, Hillside, Fernhurst, Haslemere. July 24th. 498,720.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 14th:—

003260	178744	404981	628898	886040
009043	190441	430624	643420	900133
019974	232899	472699	673530	960171
067390	247390	504809	689092	981573
084488	254042	512451	701436	A076981
111785	270349	525193	741245	A093335
120256	304788	544413	769492	A128952
141798	305740	572085	774804	A157076
143721	360491	582140	811384	A194563
171196	386201	618401	849462	A221427

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 25th).

TOBACCO HABIT
CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS.

I offer a genuine guaranteed Remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipes, chewing tobacco, or snuff; they are poisonous and seriously injurious to health, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, enervation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 8 days' method. Inexpensive, reliable. Full particulars, including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit sent in plain wrapper, Free. Don't delay. Keep this; show it to others. This advertisement may not appear again.

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

SECRET FREE.

Address:—

EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk St., (306 T.A.K.), LONDON, W.C.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 years' experience an appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that cures Rupture.

SENT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

Brooks Appliance Co., 747F, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.
Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Please write plainly) .....

—HEADACHES—

Why should you suffer from those agonising Headaches? Apart from the pain you are not as efficient for work or for pleasure. One tiny Zox powder will cure—almost instantly. Thousands say so—so it must be true. Safe to take at any time.

In 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes from Chemists, Stores, &c., or post free from The Zox Co., on receipt of price. **FREE**—*two powders for stamped addressed envelope.*

and the remedy—ZOX

ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

If your trouser knees are baggy

FOR ONLY **3s. 9d.** we can make an old suit look smart and new. Our weekly, fortnightly or monthly treatment of suits by annual subscription makes clothes last so much longer—looking better all the time—that subscribers actually save by it. Their clothes last twice or three times as long.

The 3s. 9d. includes not only removal of all spots and stains, pressing, re-shaping and minor repairs, but also

actual revival of the cloth

by the same dry-steam pressure process used when it is manufactured. This restores the first softness and fresh appearance.

Send a suit for trial. Money back if you are not satisfied.

We collect and deliver free 10 miles from Charing Cross. Elsewhere, post or rail to us; we pay carriage one way.

BRITISH

Where important repairs or relinings are needed, a very moderate estimate is submitted before proceeding. Ladies' costumes also undertaken.

38 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W. WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS.

Tel. North 2882 or 2883.

More than 1,500 military officers are regular subscribers to our annual service.

All Blood Diseases Cured by DOMIGO

Domigo is simply invaluable for all blood diseases, whether acquired or inherited, including Eczema, Ulcers, Boils, Rheumatism, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, and Sores of any kind. A booklet containing full particulars and testimonials of numerous cures achieved by Domigo will be sent FREE on application to THE DOMIGO CO., Dept. J.B., 168, Aldersgate Street, London; and 40, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg. *Also manufacturers of DOMIGO Food, DOMIGO Skin Soap, DOMIGO Pile Pills, DOMIGO Anæmia Pills.*

THE DEMAND FOR MOTOR DRIVERS IS GREATER THAN EVER.
Learn at Once.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

Unlimited practical Training until satisfied and proficient.
Lowest Charges. No extra fees.
Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency.
Call or send postcard for particulars, and mention JOHN BULL.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd., 8, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

As Comfy as a Feather-Pillow.

A Corrugated Air Cushion is a first-rate waterproof seat, and when only partially inflated makes an ideal pillow. It is always at hand as it can be carried in the fold of a service cap, and is easily inflated by mouth. Send postal order to-day.

Prices with soft washable khaki covers. Postage 1d.

Corrugated	12 ins. × 10½ins.	2/6	each.
Plain	15 ins. × 10 ins.	2/3	,,
Do.	18 ins. × 13 ins.	3/-	,,

WILLIAMS & EDGAR
(Dept. 2), 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

GRAVES
FOR EVERYTHING on EASY TERMS

Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns, or Catalogue of Cycles and Tyres, Gramophones, Gramophone Records, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Watches and Jewellery, Prams, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

of Sheffield

AGENTS Wanted.—The Reliance Lubricating Oil Co. (Old Real-British Firm), Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, Refiners and Blenders of "Autoleum" motor-car oils, Double Filtered Ford Car oil, "Ajax" greases, marine and land engine and machinery oils, "Astral" Disinfectants.—Write Manager. (15,268)

JOHN BULL'S "MONEY PICTURES."

WEEKLY PICTURE CONTEST NO. 12.

£100 *Must be Won Every Week!*

ONLY 12 PICTURES QUICK RESULTS.

We are running this week another "Money Pictures" Competition. Each week's contest is complete in itself. £100 must be won weekly. All you have to do is to solve the 12 pictures given on this page, which represent places in the British Isles.

The names are selected from a special index reprinted for us by the proprietors of "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." This index can be obtained, post free 3d., from "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," Surrey St., Strand, London, W.C., or through any newsagent or railway bookstall.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

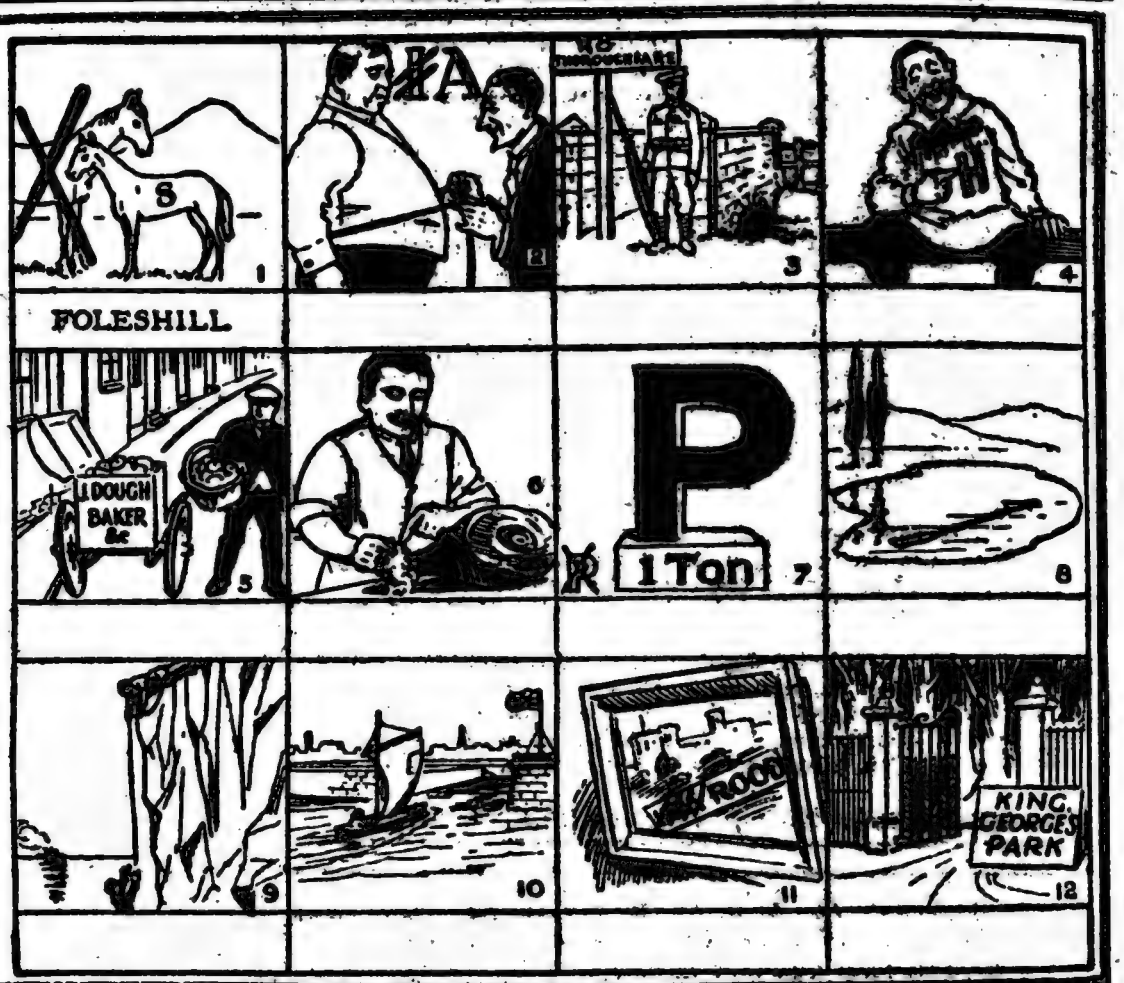
Write *in ink* in the spaces provided the name of the place you think each picture represents. *If you cannot solve all the pictures, fill in as many as you can.* You may send in as many sets as you like. We would add that Scottish Readers may compete.

To the sender of a coupon containing the most correct solutions—whatever the number—we shall award the cash prize of £100. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize money will be equally divided. The editor's decision must be accepted as final, and legally binding, and readers can enter only on that understanding.

Address entries to JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London. W.C. Mark the envelope "Money Pictures No. 13," in top left-hand corner. Entries must reach us not later than Thursday, August 26th.

IMPORTANT.

Each set of Solutions must have pinned in the space provided one penny postage stamp or a Free Stamp Voucher, which will be found in "Everywoman's Weekly." Sets received without either will be disqualified. Pin the stamp on—do not stick it down.



PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from "Everywoman's Weekly" **HERE.**

I submit the above solutions and agree to abide by the Editor's decision and award.

Name.....

Address.....

No. 13 .....

THE RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE OF SEPT. 4.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—

"'Here is the money you want in ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS. . . . And now you had better be off.' 'I will go at once,' the Armenian replied, as he slipped the NOTES into his pocket."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS":—

"After the ceremony there was a DECEPTION at the Rectory."

"SHETLAND NEWS":—

"All indoor lights affected by the Order must either be extinguished or obscured so as to be VISIBLE from outside."

"NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—

"She appealed specially to eligible young men . . . to help to AVERAGE the terrible German atrocities revealed in the Bryce report."

"SMALLHOLDER":—

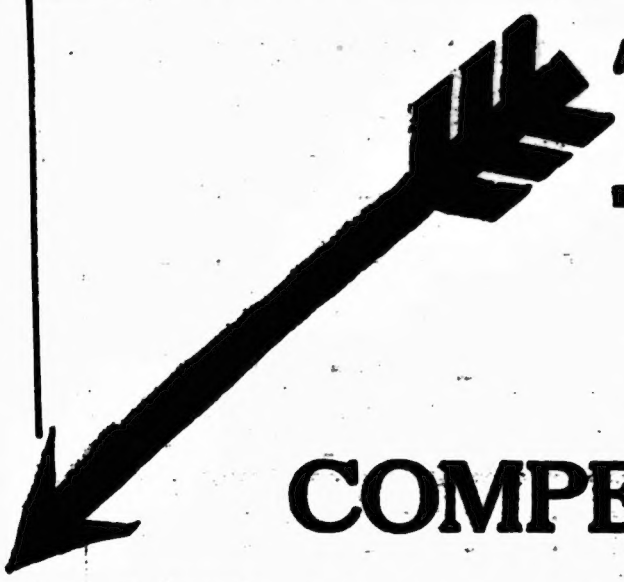
"Every calf that has sufficient breed and stamina to enable it to grow into a decent BULLOCK should be reared, whether male or FEMALE."

WINNERS OF PICTURE COMPETITION NO. 11.

Twelve readers solved, on single coupons, all the 12 pictures, and divide the £100 prize, each receiving £8 6s. 8d.:—

BLACKBURN, Miss EDITH, Land's End, Horning, Wroxham.
CLAXSON, N., New Place Lodge, Upminster, Essex.
COLLINS, J., 178, Mildred Street, Bradford.
DARLING, W., 3, Bath Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
EVANS, THOS., 259, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.
GIDDINGS, E. N., 2a, Union Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
GOODFELLOW, Mrs. K., 97, Antrim Road, Belfast.
JACOBS, Mrs., 26, Mill Lane, Canterbury.
LACEY, Miss E., Ulcombe Place, near Maidstone.
OZIER, Mrs. H. E., Summerlie Road, Finedon, Northants.
PORDIGE, R. W., 140, London Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
SEGGIE, R. E., Pendarvis, Combermere Road, St. Leonards.

The correct solutions are as follows:—1, Poplar; 2, Ingatestone; 3, Walworth Road; 4, Summerseat; 5, Brimsdown; 6, Endon; 7, Seapoint; 8, Nine-mile-point; 9, Barons Court; 10, Deepcar; 11, Dundrum; 12, Timberland. The picture which led most of our readers astray was No. 6, which was variously rendered as Deighton, Leyton, Leytonstone and Endon. Leytonstone was quite good, but we had purposely introduced the picture "Father Time" with his scythe, he who puts an end to all things, to convey the meaning Endon. The other pictures explain themselves.



THESE PICTURES

are discussed in this week's

FINDON'S WEEKLY
COMPETITORS' JOURNAL.

YOU who enter for "Money Pictures" cannot do better than invest a penny a week in "The Competitors' Journal." All Picture Puzzles are dealt with by Mr. Y. Z., a Picture Puzzle expert of the first rank. His suggestions and help will prove invaluable to you.

ADVICE TO "BULLETS" ENTRANTS.

In connection with the "C.J." is an Advisory Department. The functions of the department are to criticise lines which you have evolved with the object of telling you whether your efforts are good, bad, or indifferent. Each effort is marked by the "C.J." Advisory Editor. If he thinks the effort stands a good chance of success he marks it "V.G." (very good). If it is a solution which is worth entering he marks it "G." (good), or "F." (fair); if it is an idea which is fairly common he marks it "D.," which means "Done by others." You will at once appreciate the value of such a service.

The line which Won £1,000 in "Middles" ("Pearson's Weekly") was first submitted to the "C.J." Advisory Editor, who marked it "V.G." (very good).

BUY THE "C.J." THIS WEEK.

The "C.J." is on sale at all Newsagents, at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Bookstalls, and at all other Bookstalls in the United Kingdom, but where any difficulty or delay is experienced in obtaining it we strongly advise readers to either give their newsagents a standing order, or fill in the accompanying Subscription Form, when they can rely upon receiving the Journal by the first post of the Tuesday morning each week.

To THE PUBLISHER, Dept. I, "The Competitors' Journal," 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

Please send me, post free, "THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL" weekly for ..... months, for which I enclose P.O. for .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Subscription Rates are—One Month, 6d.; Three Months, 1/6; Six Months, 3/-; One Year 6/-

GO TO THE SEASIDE

At our expense by winning a Holiday Prize.

£250!

FIRST PRIZE

2nd PRIZE
£25

20 SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRIZES!

10 Holiday PRIZES OF £5 each.	10 Week-end PRIZES OF £2 10.	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

AND OVER 2,000 OTHER PRIZES.

Closing date, Thursday, Aug. 26th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(151) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than four words or less than two must be used in constructing a "Bullet."

Closing date, Thursday, Aug. 26th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(151) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 151," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples:

A POPULAR MAN
SLY PUSS
MAKES PEOPLE LAUGH
PROVOKING DISCUSSION
TAKES MANY IN
FAIR FUN
HOLIDAY TASK
A FRIGHTFUL MESS
LADY POSTMAN
NOT PAID FOR
ON PARADE
FACING THE FACTS
BIG FOLLOWING
PLAIN CLOTHES
BEYOND A JOKE
FALLING IN LOVE
PAST REDEMPTION
WHEN PRESSED
OPEN TO DISCUSSION
SPARRING PARTNER
A BAD COLLECTION
WET NIGHT
RUNNING HIM DOWN
HAPPY THOUGHT
DISAGREES WITH FATHER
NIGHT'S REST
THE MAN PAYS
PRETTY BAD
MAKES ME TIRED
AWKWARD MISTAKE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
AWKWARD MISTAKE.
Bullet:—
BRIDEGROOM ARRIVED WITHOUT RING.
Example:—
FALLING IN LOVE.
Bullet:—
ALGY IS USUALLY.
Example:—
MAKES ME TIRED.
Bullet:—
WAR ARGUMENTS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used, an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Sept. 11th.

This week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly," dated August 21st.

RESULT OF 148TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. F. W. BOOTH,
1, Lansdowne Road,
Crumpsall, Manchester.

Example:—COMES IN HANDY.
Bullet:—EXTRA "POWER" AT FINISH.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

KATHLEEN M. CLARE WHYTE,
2, Crawley Villas, Crawley Road,
Wood Green, London, N.

Example:—BEYOND DISPUTE.
Bullet:—"FIRST HOME" BEATS ALL.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. JOHN F. MACDONALD, 123, Alexandria Street, Alexandria Scotland:
PEACE MEETINGS—"PECULIAR PEOPLE" ALWAYS ADVOCATE.

Mrs. G. GREENAWAY, Alton Stores, Albion Rd., Sandhurst, Berks:
MOST RISKY—SEASIDE GIRL TALKING "SHOP."

Mr. ARTHUR FITTON, 25, Thornley Lane, Reddish, Stockport:
MOST RISKY—"SCREENING" THE KAISER.

Mr. GEO. E. COOKE, 38, Riverway, Palmers Green, London, N.:
PEACE MEETINGS—THERE'S NO "HOLDING" THEM.

Mr. AUBREY V. PHILLIPS, 42, Wellington Street, St. Barnabas, Oxford:
THREATENING TO STRIKE—THE "SLIPPER OFF."

Mr. ALFRED SMITH, 279, Brighton Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne:
WITHOUT BALANCE—FATHER'S USUAL "SINGLE ENTRY."

NURSE E. BRENNAN, 57, North Strand Road, Dublin:
ROUSING SERMON—ANOTHER RELIGIOUS "PERSUASION."

Mr. E. E. ALDRIDGE, Aldeburgh-on-Sea, Suffolk:
WHAT WOMAN WANTS—A "MATE" AND "CASTLE."

Mr. THOS. EDWARDS, 95, Walpole Road, Great Yarmouth:
TREATED WITH INDIFFERENCE—THE WORLD—BY "NUN."

Mrs. C. PANKHURST, 81, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E.:
WHAT WOMAN WANTS—LESS "SQUEEZING" BY EXPLOYERS.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. WILLIAM LAIRD, 17, Station Street, Maryport:
HOLIDAY WEATHER—"HATS OFF" TO IT.

Mrs. ARABELLA CARLYLE, 37, Frederick Street, Sunderland:
LITTLE STRANGER—"INTEREST" ON LOVE'S "CAPITAL."

Mrs. KATE FLYNN, 7, Holly Avenue, Ryton, Newcastle-on Tyne:
WHAT WOMAN WANTS—MY HUSBAND—SHE'S WELCOME.

Mr. HERBERT C. WATSON, Woolmer View, Whitehill, Bordon, Hants:
WHAT WOMAN WANTS—TO "LOOK BACK" OCCASIONALLY.

Mrs. F. M. HARTWRIGHT, Glenowen, Barnards Green, Malvern:
COMING OFF—SLAVEY'S GAP, MISTRESS OUT.

Mrs. F. BOOTH, 279, Camberwell Road, Camberwell, London, S.E.:
TREATED WITH INDIFFERENCE—CORNS AT BOTTOMLEY'S MEETINGS.

Mr. JOHN F. ARMSTRONG, 47, Nelson Rd., St. John's, Worcester:
FATHER THINKS THAT—HARD TASK JUSTIFIES FLASK.

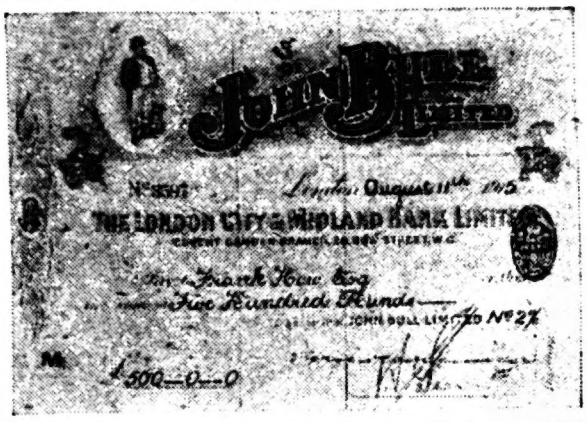
Miss L. LEBEAU, 90, Lyndhurst Rd., Bowes Pk., London, N.:
TREATED WITH INDIFFERENCE—"CUT" FROM LADY BARBER.

Mrs. E. BRADLEY, 31, Queen St., Horbury, near Wakefield.
WHAT WOMAN WANTS—LIGHT HEART, HEAVY PURSE.

Mr. E. PURSSELL, 126, Station Road, Redhill:
KILLING PACE—NO REST BETWEEN "BARS."

100 Prizewinners of 5s. each:

AIANO, C., 16, Beach Street, Folkestone.
ARMSTRONG, GEO., 22, Colne Road, Twickenham.
ASHTON, B., 28, Morland Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.
ASHWORTH, W., 4, Scaitcliffe View, Todmorden.
BASS, E. (Mrs.), 99, Langthorne St., Fulham Palace Rd., W.
BELL, G. A., 61, Sutton Crescent, Walsall.
BENJAMIN, MAURICE, 21, Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, E.
BIDDICH, W., E., 360, Caledonian Road, N.
BONHOMME, A., 84, Collingwood Street, South Shields.
BOOTH, B. (Pte.), 8056, A Coy., 17th Manchesters, Grantham.
BUTLER, O. P., 2, Cliff Terrace, Avenue, Southampton.
CANNON, W. N., 6, Epworth Grove, Gateshead.
CATCHPOLE, A. (Miss), Bengeo, District Road, Ashford, Middx.
CHILES, WM., 9, Branston Street, Birmingham.
CLARKE, L. (Mrs.), 182, Jervis Road, Stamshaw, Portsmouth.
COX, J. (Mrs.), Hatfield Farm, Stert, near Devizes, Wilts.
DAVIES, F., 85, Saxon Street, Wrexham.
DAVIES, T., Fern Cott., Hudds Hill, St. George, Bristol.
DAVIS, P. (Miss), 28, Allen Street, Maidstone.
DAWSON, E. (Mrs.), 30, Eldon Rd., Edgeley, Stockport.
DEAN, A., 30 Rupert Hill, Liverpool.
DENNIS, WM., 87, Finland Road, Brockley, S.E.
DYER, A., 58, Firwood Avenue, Stretford, Manchester.
ENTWISTLE, J. E., 30, Moor Lane, Chatheroe, Lancs.
FLEMING, E., 9, Oldfield Road, Sale, Cheshire.
FRENCH, E. (Mrs.), 121, Wordsworth Street, Hove, Sussex.
FROST, E., Co-op. Society, Groby, Leicester.
FULCHER, C. A., Clifden, Co. Galway, Ireland.
GOLIGHTLY, H. H., Baslow, Derbyshire.
GOODALL, M. (Miss), c.o. Mrs. J. Watt, 59, Iona Street, Leith.
GORDON, A. K., 3, Station Road, Bundoran, Ireland.
GOUDIE, J. W., 151, South Frederick Street, South Shields.
GRIFFITHS, VINCENT, 52, Carlton Terrace, Swansea.
HACBCON, A. G., 140, Walmer Road Fratton, Hants.
HACKMAN, L., 20, Copeland Road, Waltnamstow, N.E.
HALL, H. C., 31, Newport Road, Stafford.
HAMS, W. E., 54, Micheldever Road, Lee, Kent.
HAWKINS, W. J., 181, Byron Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
HAY, J. (Mrs.), 296, Easter Road, Leith.
HOLLINGWORTH, J. V. J., 10, George St., Ashton-under-Lyne.
HOURSTON, K. S., Clairmont, Castletown, Caithness.
JOHNSON, CHAS. A., 44, Hanover Street, Liverpool.
JOHNSON, H., 41, Scarcliffe Street, Mansfield, Notts.
JOHNSTON, R. G., 1, Cattle Market, Hexham-on-Tyne.
JONES, E. D., 11, Little Water Street, Carmarthen.
JONES, E. G., 41, Church Street, Slanfaes, Brecons.
JONES, E. N. (Mrs.), 15, Victoria Avenue, Widnes, Lancs.
JONES, T., 56, Hewson Road, Lincoln.
KAYE, G. (Mrs.), Bromyard, Worcester.
KEMP, A. (Sergt.), 3/1 H.D. Signal Co., R.E., Aberdeen.
LEA [illegible], Walsingham Mansions, Stamford Bridge, Fulham Road, S.W.
[illegible] Road, Hanwell, W.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Messrs. Rose and Sons, Railway Street, Hertford, from Thursday, August 19th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Premier Theatre, Hertford.

LETCHFORD, L., 9, Sherwood Road, Addiscombe, Surrey.
LOFTUS, CECILIA, Coliseum Theatre, London, W.C.
LONGSON, E. H., "Limpsfield," Bowdon, Cheshire.
LUCAS, BERTHA, 25, Devon Road, Salcombe, South Devon.
LUCELLE, GEO., Bank Buildings, Town Hall Square, Bradford, Yorks.
LUSTED, N. N., Science and Art School, Falkirk, Scotland.
MAINWOOD, CHAS. G., 23, Norman Road, Newhaven, Sussex.
MARSHALL, A. O., Trent Villas, Clulwell Road, Beeston, Notts.
MEANLEY, K., The Spinney, Boney Hay, near Walsall.
MELBOURNE, E., 6, Railway Cotts., Sudbury, Derby.
MUIR, J., s.s. *Castle Eden*, Collier Transport 626, c.o. G.P.O., London.
NEEVE, W. G., 2, St. Andrew St., Norwich.
NORTH, V., 10, Water Street, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
O'REILLY, W., 14, Brocklebank Road, Wandsworth, S.W.
OWENS, PHILIP, 3, Kensington Square, W.
PARR, J. T. (Pte.), No. 2,999, D. Coy., 70th P.B.T.F., Bexhill-on-Sea.
PARRY, G. (Miss), 7, Craigdon Road, Bangor, N.W.
PAYNE, J., 44, Whitechapel, Liverpool.
PHILLIPS, H., 158, Queen's Drive, Queen's Park, Glasgow.
POWELL, J. A., 10, The Poplars, Sketty, Swansea.
READ, W., 14, Redruth Street, Rusholme, Manchester.
REDWOOD, J., Fore Street, Moretonhampstead, South Devon.
REED, P. J., 2, Lytton Grove, Seaforth, Liverpool.
ROWE, ED., Wynstay House, Gwaelody Garth, near Cardiff.
SMITH, F. (Mrs.), 31, Middle Street, Stroud, Glos.
SPENCER, H., 405, Ashton Old Road, Lower Openshaw, Manchester.
SPIER, H., A.B., R.N.A.S., Anti-Aircraft Corps, Brightside, Sheffield.
STEVENSON, S. H., 56, Alpha Road, Cambridge.
STORY, J., 91, Kingscourt Rd., Streatham.
STUDHOLME, J., 112, Great Ancoats Street, Manchester.
SWANN, E. (Miss), 26, Northcote Avenue, Sunderland.
TAYLOR, A. J. (Asst. Paymaster), R.N.R. Mercantile, Marine Office, W. Hartlepool.
TAYLOR, H. M., 66, De Laune Street, Kennington Park, S.E.
TERRY, E. H., 30, Cannon Place, Brighton.
THOMAS, F. W., 10, Lithos Road, Hampstead, N.W.
THORNTON, H., Highfield, Bexley Road, Erith, Kent.
TRUESDALE, H. V., Warrington Rd., Prescot, Lancs.
VENN, P. (Mrs.), Grange Avenue, Beeston, Notts.
WALES, LUKE, "Strathcona," Trimdon Colliery, Co. Durham.
WALKER, F., 306, Aston Lane, Birmingham.
WATSON, A. C., 26, Grange Park Road, Leyton, Essex.
WEATHERMAN, H., 80, Bond St., Macclesfield, Cheshire.
WEBSTER, E., Millfield, Sherburn, York.
WHITE, BERTRAM, Alexandra Villa, Tavistock, Devon.
WHITE, C. M. (Mrs.), 21, Hillcrest Avenue, Leeds.
WILSON, THOS., 112, Coniston Road, Edinburgh.
WILSON, M. (Miss), 78, Connaught Street, Dublin.
YOUNG, G. (Jr.), 5, Bank St., Teignmouth

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 32, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"—and you save money either way!

"It's like this. If you buy outright, for cash, the 'Midland' give you 10% discount. That saves you a clear 2/- in the £1. If you prefer to leave your capital untouched, you have only to avail yourself of the 'Midland' Ideal Terms. That means that you can choose just what you want, and pay for it at your own convenience, without being charged one halfpenny extra for credit. And either way your

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Walk round the galleries and showrooms, where you have over £100,000 worth of superb furniture to choose from. Compare the plainly-marked prices with what other firms charge. You will then realise the enormous advantage of buying from actual manufacturers and so saving the extra middleman's profit.

10% Discount for Cash.

Fumed Oak Bureau, 2ft. 2in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 9 in. deep. Exceptional value.
£1 4s. 6d.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.	Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ..	£0 6 0	£50 ..	£1 8 0
£20 ..	0 11 0	£100 .	2 5 0
£30 ..	0 17 0	£200 .	4 10 0
£40 ..	1 3 0	£500 ..	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Life & Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest, nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article. Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire, free.**

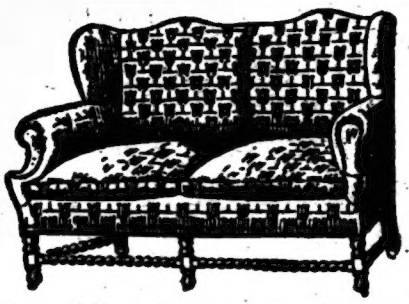
Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

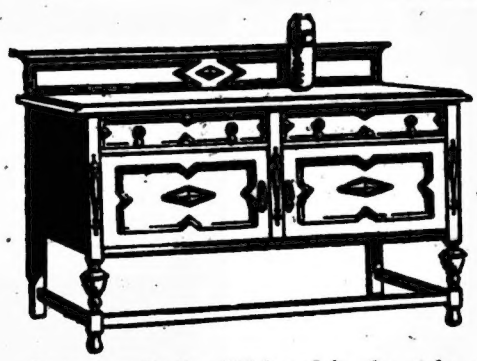
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.



A beautifully made three-piece suite carried out on Jacobean lines, with underframe and loose cushions. Splendidly upholstered and covered in old-world design tapestry. Finished a rich antique brown.
£9 19s. 6d.



Exceptionally fine Sideboard in the style of the Jacobean period. Soundly constructed of oak, carefully finished.
£6 16s. 6d.

Rail Fares Paid

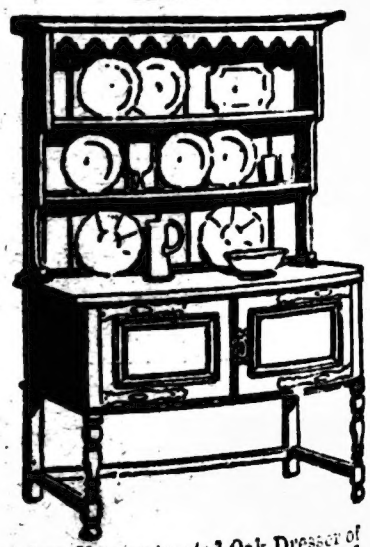
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

The "Herschel" Suite.

A carefully made Suite of fumed Oak, enriched with Adams detail carving and oxidised fittings. The Wardrobe is 4ft. wide and 6ft. 8ins. high, with a convenient drawer in the bottom part and a shaped bevelled mirror. Dressing-table and washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, the latter having a marble top and back. Complete, with two Chairs,
£16 16s. 0d.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid.



Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cupboard in the lower part, and oxidised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired.
£4 4s. 0d.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons.

A postcard brings it free.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2295.